
CHAMELEON • THE CADET • AL T. TUDE
July
TARGET COMICS
10¢
The TARGET
TARGET
AL FAGALY
QUICK-TRIGGER ACTION BY THE CHAMELEON WAS ALL THAT SAVED RAGSY WHEN HE CRASHED THE HORNET'S NEST OF TROUBLE!
Vol. 3 No.5


WEBCOMIC
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YE EDITORS' PAGE

Dear Readers:

Here are two more thumb nail sketches of "Who's Who" behind the drawing pens and pencils used to produce TARGET.

Jolly, blond, and endowed with a terrific sense of humor, Basil Wolverton is the lad who draws those perfectly amazing characters, interstellar backgrounds, and weird looking people from Mars in the "Spacehawk" feature . . .

Where did Basil get that style of drawing, so perfectly suited for the type of subject he draws? It's a combination of a natural bent for drawing, plus a great curiosity about astronomy. Basil never studied art, but he did go in for star gazing—and there you have it—"Spacehawk"!

Born in the East, Basil "went west" as a very young man, to Washington state. He worked on the "Portland (Oregon) News" as a staff artist; migrated to Hollywood, where he did pencil sketches of celebrities, and back home again, for commercial art work.

Basil is also by way of being an air personality. Those of you who live in the Northwest may have heard his voice over stations KBAM, or KEX, over which some of Basil's unique humor is broadcast from time to time. Besides astronomy, Wolverton goes in for—of all things—weight lifting as a hobby!

Sid Greene, the lad who draws "The Target and the Targeteers" was born in Brooklyn, the home town of the Dodgers. Needless to say, Sid is a No. 1 booster of that ball team. He lives a short distance away from Ebbets Field, the home of the team, and when the baseball season is on spends almost as much time at the park as he does at his drawing board!

Sid studied art at Textile High, and Mechanics Institute in New York. His art beginning, however, was drawing Civics posters for his class mates, at 25c each. Since then, besides the school newspaper, Sid's work has appeared in a number of national magazines, including Colliers, etc.

Last Fall, Sid almost committed hara-kiri when Mickey Owens dropped a third strike in the World Series—remember? So he's going to see to it that the Dodgers train properly, and will watch them down in Florida this season. His favorite ball player is Dixie Walker; and his favorite actress is Ingrid Bergman...

Sid's hobby is making model airplanes, and music. He has one of the most complete collections of phonograph records you ever saw! Plays them as he works. His favorite artist is Hal Forster, who draws the "Prince Valiant" strip published in newspapers. In his spare time, Sid tries to figure out plots that could actually happen to his characters.

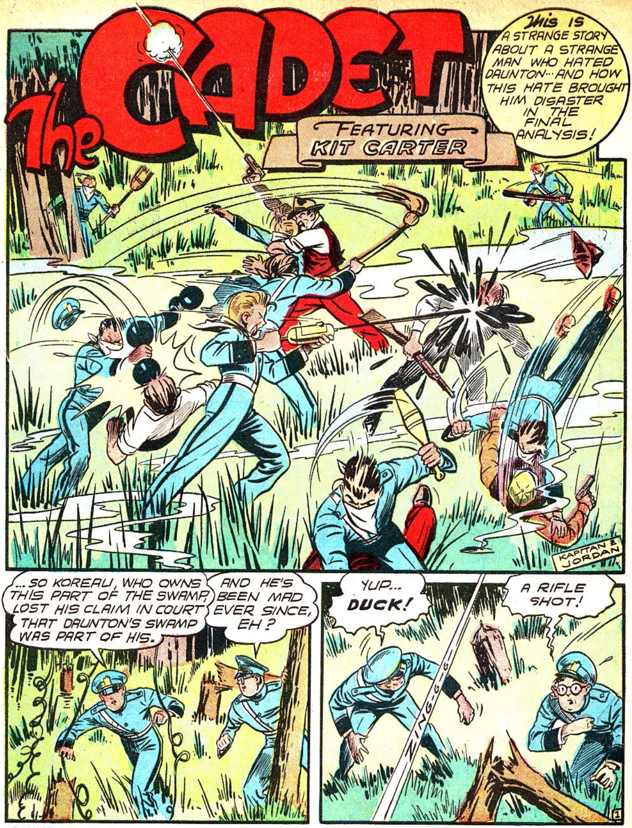
If called for the service, Sid's preference is for the Navy and even though the pen is supposed to be mightier than the sword, he'll swap the pen for a gun to use against the Japs or Nazis any day, isn't that right, Sid?

Cordially yours,

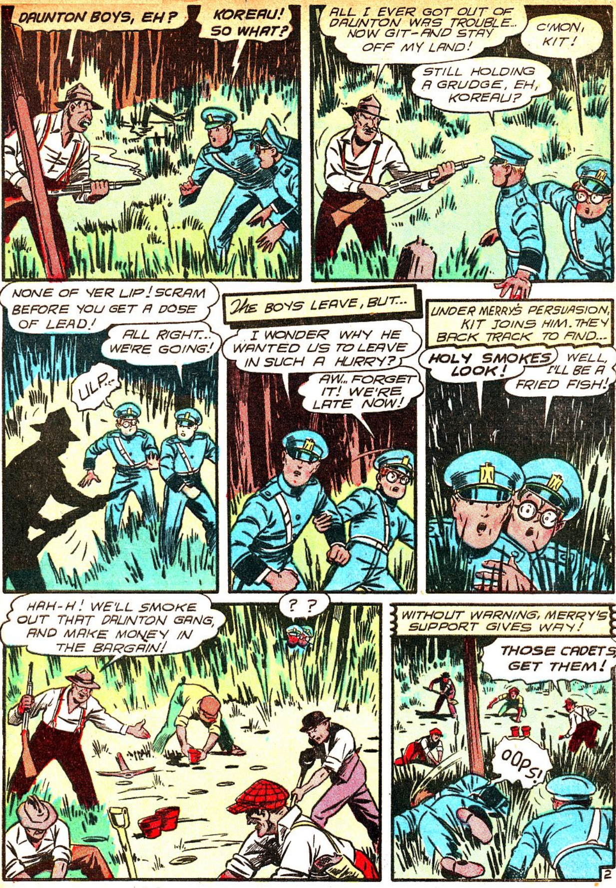
The Editors

KEEP 'EM FLYING . . . BUY DEFENSE STAMPS

ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO TARGET COMICS, 292 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, NEW YORK

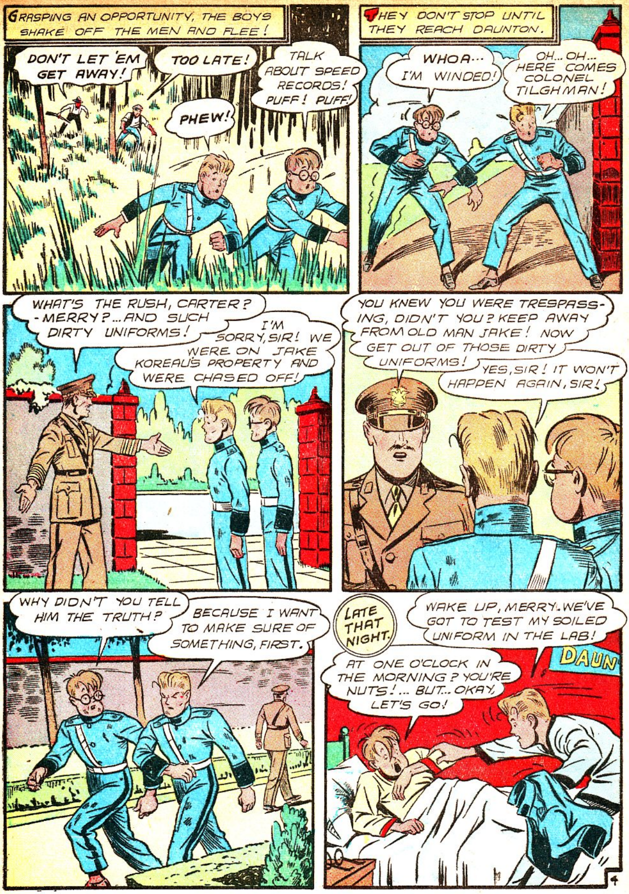


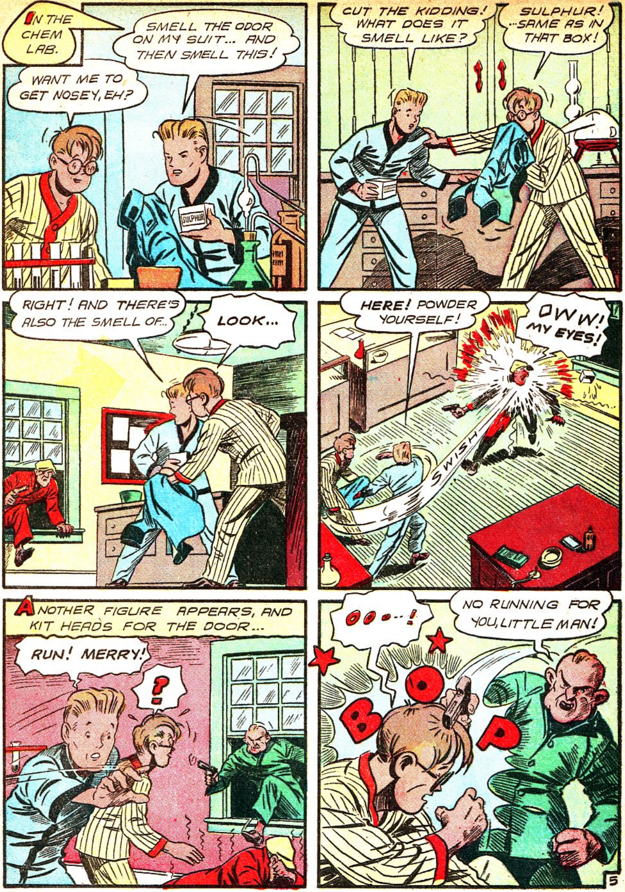
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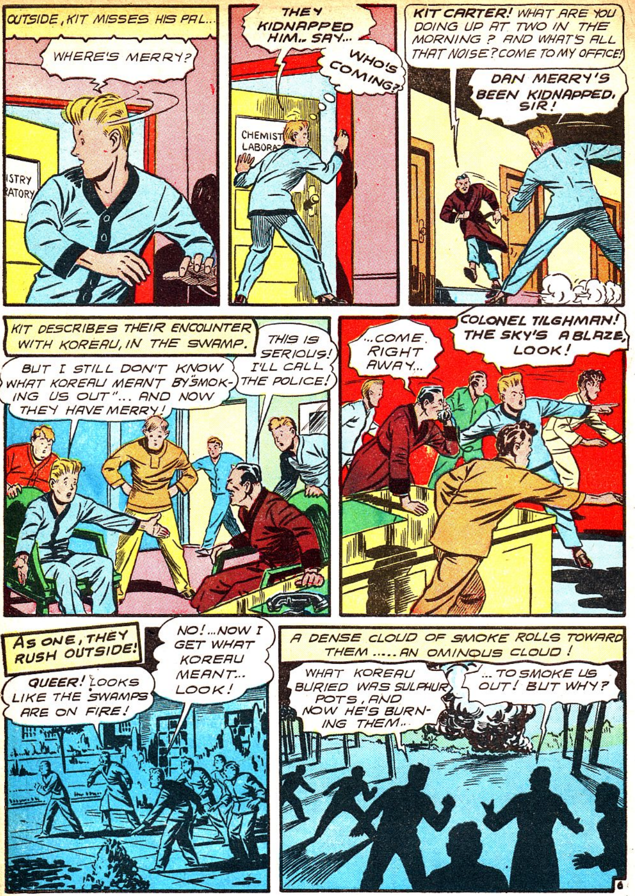


DAUNTON BOYS, EH?
KOREAU! SO WHAT?
ALL I EVER GOT OUT OF DAUNTON WAS TROUBLE... NOW GIT-AND STAY OFF MY LAND!
C'MON, KIT!
STILL HOLDING A GRUDGE, EH, KOREAU?
NONE OF YER LIP! SCRAM BEFORE YOU GET A DOSE OF LEAD!
ALL RIGHT... WE'RE GOING!
ULP...
THE BOYS LEAVE, BUT...
I WONDER WHY HE WANTED US TO LEAVE IN SUCH A HURRY?
AW... FORGET IT! WE'RE LATE NOW!
UNDER MERRY'S PERSUASION, KIT JOINS HIM. THEY BACK TRACK TO FIND...
HOLY SMOKES LOOK!
WELL, I'LL BE A FRIED FISH!
HAH-H! WE'LL SMOKE OUT THAT DAUNTON GANG, AND MAKE MONEY IN THE BARGAIN!
? ?
WITHOUT WARNING, MERRY'S SUPPORT GIVES WAY!
THOSE CADETS, GET THEM!
OOPS!

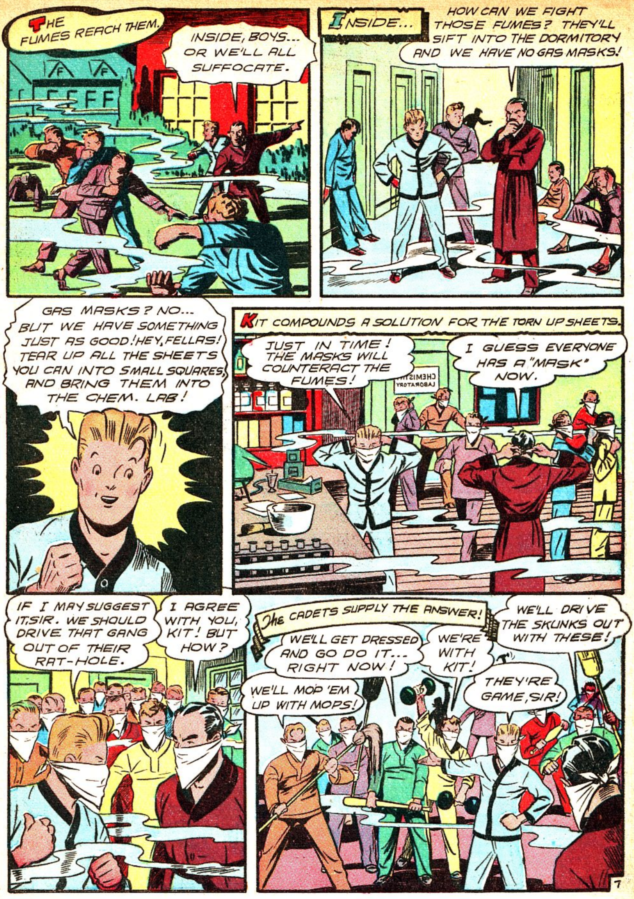

QUICK!...ON YOUR FEET!
OH...OH.. HERE COMES TROUBLE!
WE'RE IN THIS! NOW WE'LL HAVE TO FIGHT TO GET OUT OF IT!
FIGHT? YOU MEAN BATTLE!
TOUGHIE...EH? THIS'LL SOFTEN YOU UP!
BOP!
UGH! WHAT A SMELL!
THE ONLY SURE WAY IS TO PLUG YOU...SO HERE GOES YOU!
Just then...
WHAM!
NO PISTOL PRACTICE TODAY, BUM!
3

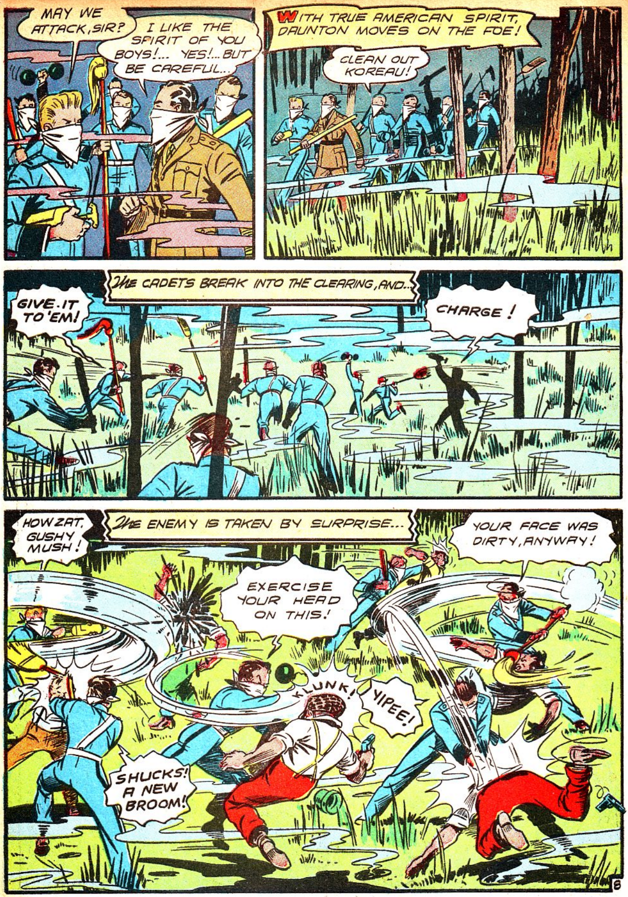

GRASPING AN OPPORTUNITY, THE BOYS SHAKE OFF THE MEN AND FLEE!
DON'T LET 'EM GET AWAY!
TOO LATE!
TALK ABOUT SPEED RECORDS! PUFF! PUFF!
PHEW!
THEY DON'T STOP UNTIL THEY REACH DAUNTON.
WHOA... I'M WINDED!
OH... OH... HERE COMES COLONEL TILGHMAN!
WHAT'S THE RUSH, CARTER? -MERRY?... AND SUCH DIRTY UNIFORMS!
I'M SORRY, SIR! WE WERE ON JAKE KOREAU'S PROPERTY AND WERE CHASED OFF!
YOU KNEW YOU WERE TRESPASSING, DIDN'T YOU? KEEP AWAY FROM OLD MAN JAKE! NOW GET OUT OF THOSE DIRTY UNIFORMS!
YES, SIR! IT WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN, SIR!
WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL HIM THE TRUTH?
BECAUSE I WANT TO MAKE SURE OF SOMETHING, FIRST.
LATE THAT NIGHT.
WAKE UP, MERRY. WE'VE GOT TO TEST MY SOILED UNIFORM IN THE LAB!
DAUN
AT ONE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING? YOU'RE NUTS!... BUT... OKAY, LET'S GO!
4

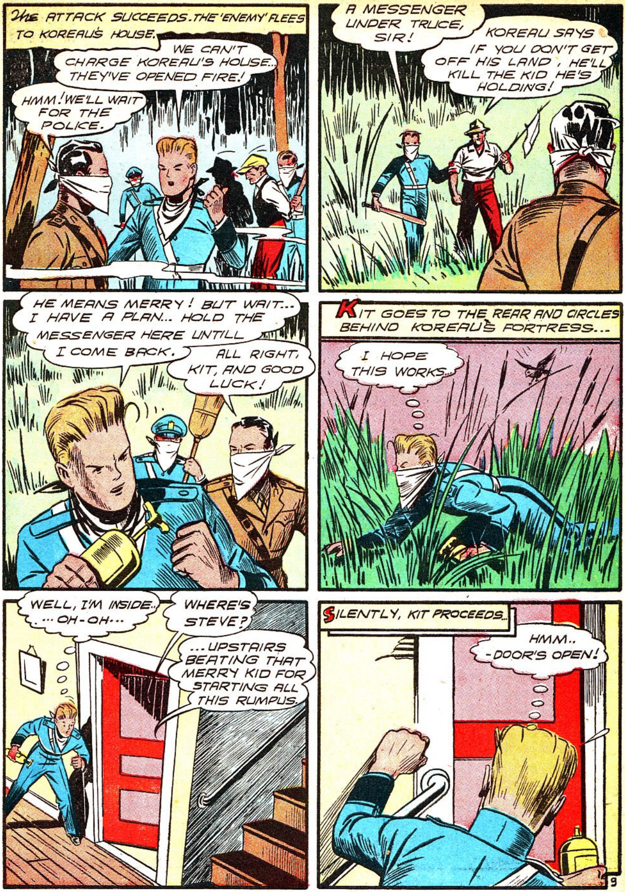

IN THE CHEM LAB.
SMELL THE ODOR ON MY SUIT... AND THEN SMELL THIS!
WANT ME TO GET NOSEY, EH?
SULPHUR
CUT THE KIDDING! WHAT DOES IT SMELL LIKE?
SULPHUR! ...SAME AS IN THAT BOX!
RIGHT! AND THERE'S ALSO THE SMELL OF...
LOOK...
HERE! POWDER YOURSELF!
OWW! MY EYES!
SWISH
ANOTHER FIGURE APPEARS, AND KIT HEADS FOR THE DOOR...
RUN! MERRY!
?
OO..!
NO RUNNING FOR YOU, LITTLE MAN!
BOP

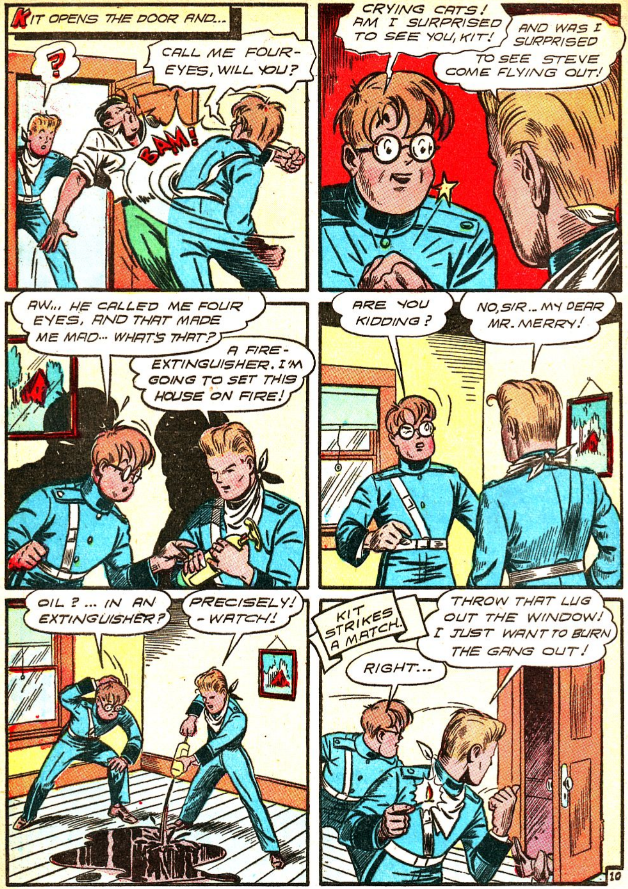


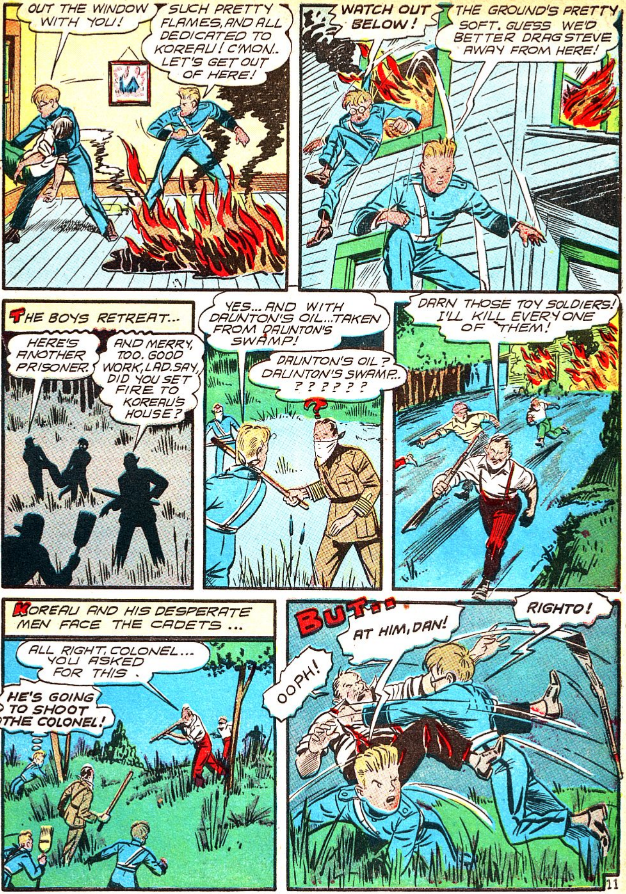
OUTSIDE, KIT MISSES HIS PAL...
WHERE'S MERRY?
ISTRY
RATORY
THEY KIDNAPPED HIM.. SAY...
WHO'S COMING?
CHEMIST
LABORA
KIT CARTER! WHAT ARE YOU DOING UP AT TWO IN THE MORNING? AND WHAT'S ALL THAT NOISE? COME TO MY OFFICE!
DAN MERRY'S BEEN KIDNAPPED, SIR!
KIT DESCRIBES THEIR ENCOUNTER WITH KOREAU, IN THE SWAMP.
BUT I STILL DON'T KNOW WHAT KOREAU MEANT BY "SMOKING US OUT"... AND NOW THEY HAVE MERRY!
THIS IS SERIOUS! I'LL CALL THE POLICE!
...COME RIGHT AWAY...
COLONEL TILGHMAN! THE SKY'S ABLAZE, LOOK!
AS ONE, THEY RUSH OUTSIDE!
QUEER! LOOKS LIKE THE SWAMPS ARE ON FIRE!
NO!...NOW I GET WHAT KOREAU MEANT... LOOK!
A DENSE CLOUD OF SMOKE ROLLS TOWARD THEM ..... AN OMINOUS CLOUD!
WHAT KOREAU BURIED WAS SULPHUR POTS, AND NOW HE'S BURNING THEM..
...TO SMOKE US OUT! BUT WHY?
6


THE FUMES REACH THEM.
INSIDE, BOYS... OR WE'LL ALL SUFFOCATE.
INSIDE...
HOW CAN WE FIGHT THOSE FUMES? THEY'LL SIFT INTO THE DORMITORY AND WE HAVE NO GAS MASKS!
GAS MASKS? NO... BUT WE HAVE SOMETHING JUST AS GOOD! HEY, FELLAS! TEAR UP ALL THE SHEETS YOU CAN INTO SMALL SQUARES, AND BRING THEM INTO THE CHEM. LAB!
KIT COMPOUNDS A SOLUTION FOR THE TORN UP SHEETS.
JUST IN TIME! THE MASKS WILL COUNTERACT THE FUMES!
I GUESS EVERYONE HAS A "MASK" NOW.
IF I MAY SUGGEST IT, SIR. WE SHOULD DRIVE THAT GANG OUT OF THEIR RAT-HOLE.
I AGREE WITH YOU, KIT! BUT HOW?
The CADETS SUPPLY THE ANSWER!
WE'LL GET DRESSED AND GO DO IT... RIGHT NOW!
WE'RE WITH KIT!
WE'LL DRIVE THE SKUNKS OUT WITH THESE!
WE'LL MOP 'EM UP WITH MOPS!
THEY'RE GAME, SIR!
7

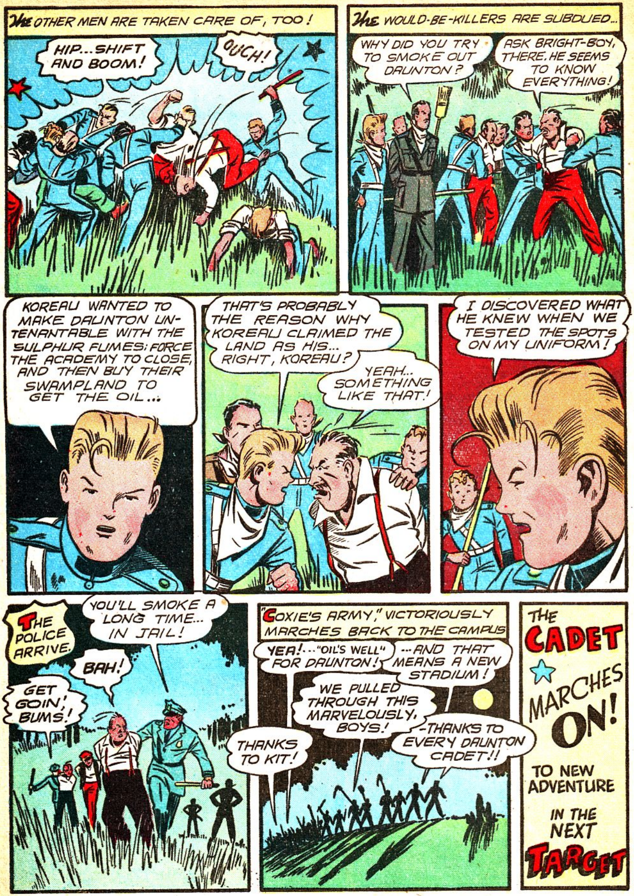

MAY WE ATTACK, SIR?
I LIKE THE SPIRIT OF YOU BOYS!... YES!... BUT BE CAREFUL...
WITH TRUE AMERICAN SPIRIT, DAUNTON MOVES ON THE FOE!
CLEAN OUT KOREAU!
THE CADETS BREAK INTO THE CLEARING, AND...
GIVE IT TO 'EM!
CHARGE!
HOWZAT, GUSHY MUSH!
THE ENEMY IS TAKEN BY SURPRISE...
YOUR FACE WAS DIRTY, ANYWAY!
EXERCISE YOUR HEAD ON THIS!
KLUNK!
YIPEE!
SHUCKS! A NEW BROOM!


THE ATTACK SUCCEEDS. THE 'ENEMY' FLEES TO KOREAU'S HOUSE.
WE CAN'T CHARGE KOREAU'S HOUSE.. THEY'VE OPENED FIRE!
HMM! WE'LL WAIT FOR THE POLICE.
A MESSENGER UNDER TRUCE, SIR!
KOREAU SAYS IF YOU DON'T GET OFF HIS LAND, HE'LL KILL THE KID HE'S HOLDING!
HE MEANS MERRY! BUT WAIT... I HAVE A PLAN... HOLD THE MESSENGER HERE UNTILL I COME BACK.
ALL RIGHT, KIT, AND GOOD LUCK!
KIT GOES TO THE REAR AND CIRCLES BEHIND KOREAU'S FORTRESS...
I HOPE THIS WORKS..
WELL, I'M INSIDE.. ... OH-OH...
WHERE'S STEVE?
...UPSTAIRS BEATING THAT MERRY KID FOR STARTING ALL THIS RUMPUS.
SILENTLY, KIT PROCEEDS..
HMM.. -DOOR'S OPEN!


KIT OPENS THE DOOR AND...
?
CALL ME FOUR-EYES, WILL YOU?
BAM!
CRYING CATS! AM I SURPRISED TO SEE YOU, KIT!
AND WAS I SURPRISED TO SEE STEVE COME FLYING OUT!
AW... HE CALLED ME FOUR EYES, AND THAT MADE ME MAD... WHAT'S THAT?
A FIRE-EXTINGUISHER. I'M GOING TO SET THIS HOUSE ON FIRE!
ARE YOU KIDDING?
NO, SIR.. MY DEAR MR. MERRY!
OIL ? ... IN AN EXTINGUISHER?
PRECISELY! - WATCH!
KIT STRIKES A MATCH.
THROW THAT LUG OUT THE WINDOW! I JUST WANT TO BURN THE GANG OUT!
RIGHT...
10

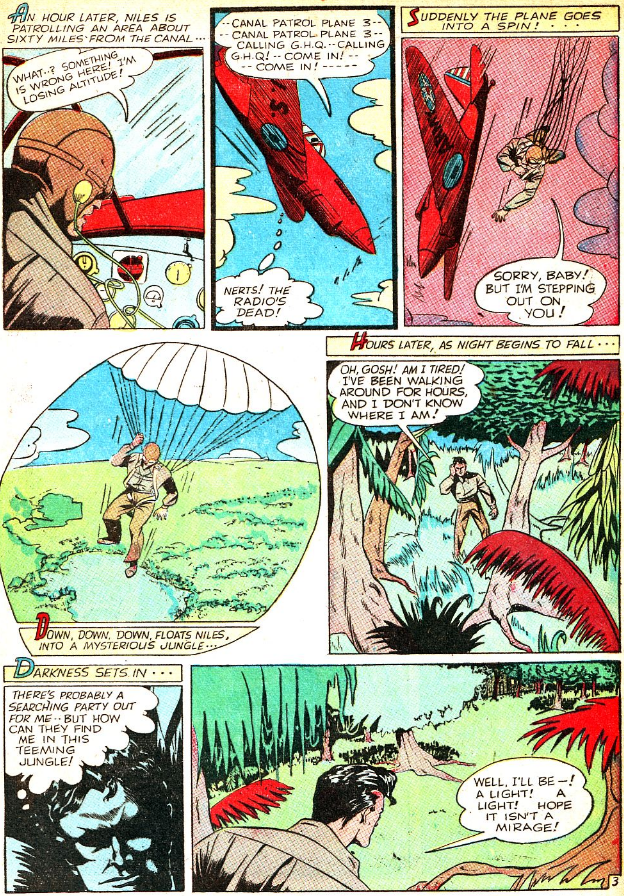


OUT THE WINDOW WITH YOU!
SUCH PRETTY FLAMES, AND ALL DEDICATED TO KOREAU! C'MON.. LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
WATCH OUT BELOW!
THE GROUND'S PRETTY SOFT. GUESS WE'D BETTER DRAG STEVE AWAY FROM HERE!
THE BOYS RETREAT...
HERE'S ANOTHER PRISONER.
AND MERRY, TOO. GOOD WORK, LAD. SAY, DID YOU SET FIRE TO KOREAU'S HOUSE?
YES... AND WITH DAUNTON'S OIL...TAKEN FROM DAUNTON'S SWAMP!
DAUNTON'S OIL? DAUNTON'S SWAMP.. ??????
DARN THOSE TOY SOLDIERS! I'LL KILL EVERY ONE OF THEM!
KOREAU AND HIS DESPERATE MEN FACE THE CADETS ...
ALL RIGHT, COLONEL... YOU ASKED FOR THIS.
HE'S GOING TO SHOOT THE COLONEL!
BUT...
AT HIM, DAN!
RIGHTO!
OOPH!


THE OTHER MEN ARE TAKEN CARE OF, TOO!
HIP... SHIFT AND BOOM!
OUCH!
THE WOULD-BE-KILLERS ARE SUBDUED...
WHY DID YOU TRY TO SMOKE OUT DAUNTON?
ASK BRIGHT-BOY, THERE. HE SEEMS TO KNOW EVERYTHING!
KOREAU WANTED TO MAKE DAUNTON UNTENANTABLE WITH THE SULPHUR FUMES; FORCE THE ACADEMY TO CLOSE, AND THEN BUY THEIR SWAMPLAND TO GET THE OIL...
THAT'S PROBABLY THE REASON WHY KOREAU CLAIMED THE LAND AS HIS... RIGHT, KOREAU?
YEAH... SOMETHING LIKE THAT!
I DISCOVERED WHAT HE KNEW WHEN WE TESTED THE SPOTS ON MY UNIFORM!
THE POLICE ARRIVE.
YOU'LL SMOKE A LONG TIME... IN JAIL!
BAH!
GET GOIN', BUMS!
"COXIE'S ARMY," VICTORIOUSLY MARCHES BACK TO THE CAMPUS
YEA!... "OIL'S WELL" FOR DAUNTON!
...AND THAT MEANS A NEW STADIUM!
WE PULLED THROUGH THIS MARVELOUSLY, BOYS!
THANKS TO KIT!
-THANKS TO EVERY DAUNTON CADET!!
THE CADET MARCHES ON! TO NEW ADVENTURE IN THE NEXT TARGET


THE TARGET and the TARGETEERS
BOYS! WE CAN'T LET THOSE RATS GET AWAY WITH THIS! I'M HEADING FOR THE ARMY AIR CORPS!
RIGHT, NILES! I'M HEADING FOR THE MARINES!
--AND ME FOR THE NAVY!
The UNITED STATES HAS DECLARED WAR ON THE EVIL, TREACHEROUS RODENTS KNOWN AS THE AXIS POWERS, AND SO HAVE THE TARGET AND THE TARGETEERS! THEY ARE ANSWERING OUR ENEMIES' CHALLENGE WITH THEIR BRAINS AND BRAWN!
by S.C. GREENE
JAPS

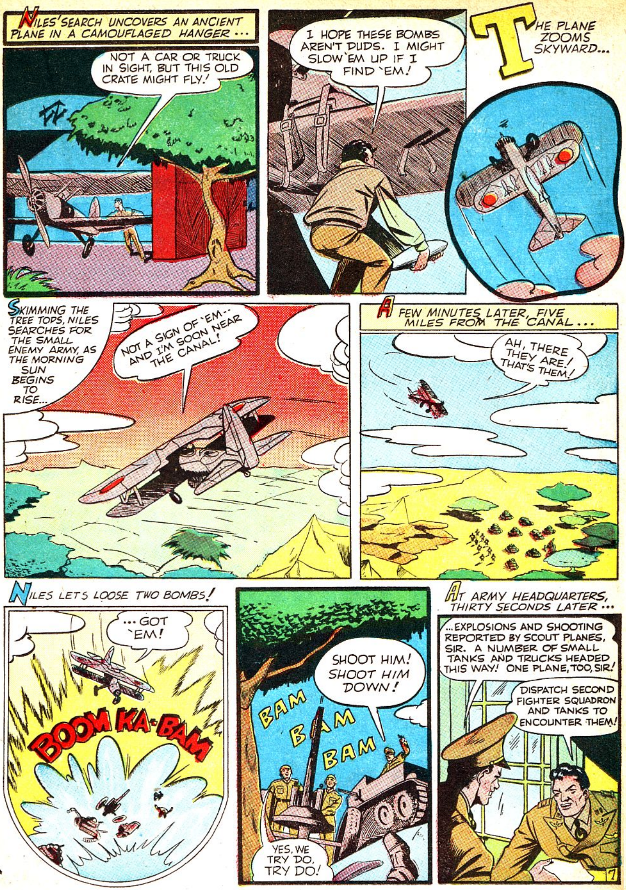

SOMETIME LATER...
WELL, NILES, I LEAVE FOR THE PACIFIC COAST TOMORROW. HOW ABOUT YOU?
I'VE BEEN ASSIGNED TO DUTY AT THE PANAMA CANAL!
BOY! THAT'S SWELL, NILES! I LEAVE FOR THE WEST COAST, TOO. MAYBE I'LL RUN INTO YOU THERE, DAVE!
DON'T FORGET TO PACK YOUR TARGET SUITS, TOO! CAN'T TELL WHEN YOU'LL NEED 'EM!
I PUT THAT IN THE FIRST THING!
ME, TOO! WELL, I'M ALL PACKED. LET'S GO OUT AND "WHOOP IT UP" FOR THE LAST TIME!
THE NEXT MORNING...
SO LONG, FELLAS. MAY GOD BLESS AMERICA!
HE WILL, NILES. JUST YOU KEEP 'EM FLYING!
GOODBYE!
...AND SO, AS THE TRAIN SPEEDS SOUTHWARD TO THRILLS AND ADVENTURE, NILES' THOUGHTS WANDER FONDLY TO HIS TWO COMPANIONS...
SOUTHLAND
AT THE CANAL ZONE...
REED, O'BRIEN, GINSBERG, VENEZIA... CRUISE AT TEN THOUSAND FEET... RADIO YOUR LOCATION EVERY FIFTEEN MINUTES, AND BE VERY OBSERVANT!
YES, SIR!
THE PLANES TAKE OFF, EACH CRUISING A SPECIFIC LOCATION ASSIGNED TO EACH PILOT...
GOSH! WHAT A BEAUTIFUL WORLD THIS WOULD BE IF RATS LIKE HITLER AND THE CROOKED YELLOW POLITICIANS WERE NEVER BORN!

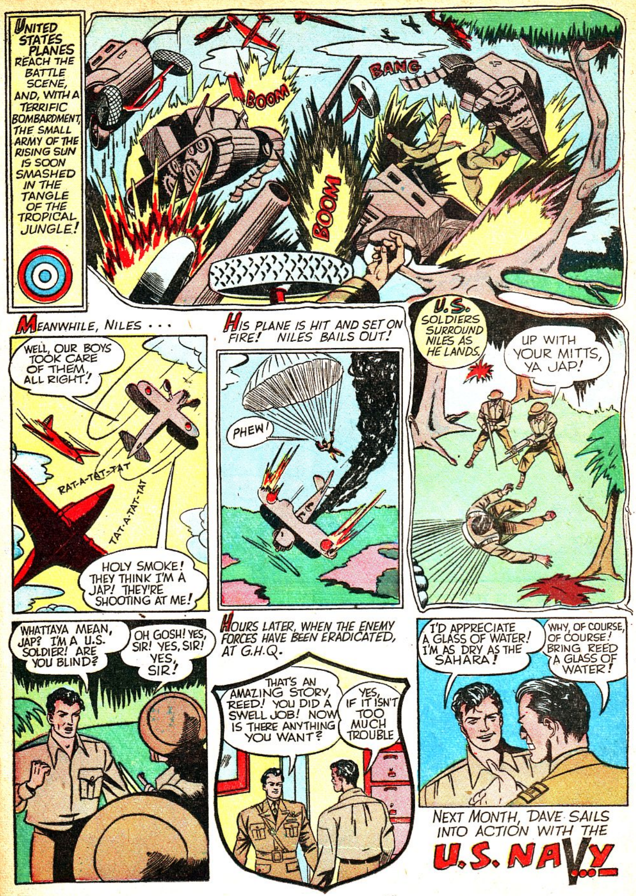

AN HOUR LATER, NILES IS PATROLLING AN AREA ABOUT SIXTY MILES FROM THE CANAL...
WHAT..? SOMETHING IS WRONG HERE! I'M LOSING ALTITUDE!
--CANAL PATROL PLANE 3-- --CANAL PATROL PLANE 3-- CALLING G.H.Q.--CALLING G.H.Q!--COME IN!-- --COME IN!-----
NERTS! THE RADIO'S DEAD!
SUDDENLY THE PLANE GOES INTO A SPIN! . . .
SORRY, BABY! BUT I'M STEPPING OUT ON YOU!
DOWN, DOWN, DOWN, FLOATS NILES, INTO A MYSTERIOUS JUNGLE...
HOURS LATER, AS NIGHT BEGINS TO FALL...
OH, GOSH! AM I TIRED! I'VE BEEN WALKING AROUND FOR HOURS, AND I DON'T KNOW WHERE I AM!
DARKNESS SETS IN...
THERE'S PROBABLY A SEARCHING PARTY OUT FOR ME..BUT HOW CAN THEY FIND ME IN THIS TEEMING JUNGLE!
WELL, I'LL BE--! A LIGHT! A LIGHT! HOPE IT ISN'T A MIRAGE!


NILES REACHES THE HOUSE . . .
A BAMBOO HOUSE! NOW WHO COULD BE LIVING OUT HERE IN THE JUNGLE? Y'CAN HARDLY SEE THE HOUSE THROUGH THE TREES! WELL, HERE GOES!
THE DOOR IS OPENED AND---
WHAT TH-? A JAP DAME! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? ALL JAPS HAVE BEEN INTERNED! C'MON! TALK, SISTER!
PAPA! PAPA! COME, QUICK! AMERICAN! AMERICAN!
IN ANSWER TO THE GIRL'S CRY, A GROUP OF JAPS RACE FORWARD AT NILES!
FIX HIM! FIX HIM GOOD! DIRTY YANK!
NILES SHOWS THE AXIS STOOGES HOW TO FIGHT! BUT GOOD!
I'LL LAY YOU PUNKS LOW AND I'M DOING IT FAIRLY!
AIIAII!
WH-WHAT IS HE?
A-A-A... AMERICAN!
BUT NILES IS OUTNUMBERED AND HE IS SOON OVERPOWERED!
HITRER TECHNIQUE STOP YOU! UMPH! D'ERE, WE STRIKE IN BACK!
BOP
4


NOW, YOU CRAZY YANKEE, BE SO KIND TO DIVURGE INFORMATION ON PANAMA CANAL!
NUTS TO YOU, RAT!
OHH! MY HEAD..!
TIE HIM UP!
BEHAVE WHEN YOU TALK TO AXIS CITIZEN!
OUCH! BOY! IF I WASN'T TIED!
BIFF
A SEVERE BEATING IS ADMINISTERED TO NILES, BUT HE REFUSES TO DIVULGE ESSENTIAL INFORMATION...
AH! NO USE, THE AMERICAN IS STUBBORN! WE DESTROY THE CANAL ANYWAY, YOU FOOL!
YEAH? WELL, REMEMBER, OUR SOLDIERS DON'T BELONG TO MUSSOLINI'S ARMY!
WE WILL DESTROY THE CANAL WITHOUT YOUR INFORMATION! MONTHS BEFORE WE ATTACKED PEARL HARBOR, WE WERE SMUGGLING BABY TANKS AND ARTIRRERY INTO CENTRAR AMERICA WHILE YOU SLEPT!
YEAH? --SO WHAT? YOU-- YOU--
QUIET, WHEN I SPEAK! WE WILL ADVANCE ON THE CANAL TONIGHT! THE TIME IS RIPE! HA! THERE WILL BE A NEW ORDER IN AMERICA!
TRY IT! --JUST TRY IT!
WE WILL! MAKE SURE HE'S TIED SECURERY, AND LOCK HIM IN BACK ROOM! NIKKITU, YOU WIRR REMAIN UNTIL WE RETURN!
YES, PAPA!
FROM THE DARK ROOM, NILES SEES THE SMALL, MECHANIZED, SUICIDE ARMY HEADED FOR THE CANAL.
THERE THEY GO! IF ONLY I COULD GET OUT! IF ONLY -- -- I GOT IT! -- I HAVE AN IDEA!
HEY, SISTER! PLEASE, A GLASS OF WATER! PLEASE! WILL Y'PLEASE?
HA! THE PROUD AMERICAN BEGS!
HERE'S YOUR WATER. IF YOU ARE ABLE TO UNTIE YOURSELF, YOU CAN DRINK IT! HA! HA! HA! TRY AND DRINK IT! HA! HA! HA!
WHY-- YOU NO GOOD--!


YOU BARBARIAN! MY THROAT IS PARCHED! HELP ME! ... YOU FIEND! -------
MY, BUT YOU DO NOT THINK MUCH OF ME! THERE'S YOUR WATER! GOODBYE! HA, HA, HA!
IT WORKED!
NOW TO BREAK THE GLASS!
HIS BONDS TORN, NILES PEELS OFF HIS ARMY UNIFORM!
TEE HEE! THE FOOL BROKE THE GRASS!
CRASH
MEIN KAMPF
WORKING FEVERISHLY, NILES SEVERS HIS BONDS ON THE BROKEN GLASS!
NOW FOR THE TARGET TO PLAY HIS BIT!
THE TARGET CRASHES THROUGH THE DOOR!
WHO? WHAT? WH-WHAT ARE YOU?
THE TARGET! YOU FEMALE HITLER!
BURRETS WILL STOP -- AEIIHI! NO! NO! IT CAN'T BE! THEY --THEY BOUNCE OFF HIM!
NOW I'VE GOT YOU!
BANG BANG BANG BANG
A-A-A-I-I-I-I-I-I-I-I! C-H-H-H-H-H
SHE'S FAINTED! WELL, THAT SAVES ME THE TROUBLE OF TYING HER UP!
NOW TO GET MY ARMY UNIFORM AND SCRAM!
6


NILES' SEARCH UNCOVERS AN ANCIENT PLANE IN A CAMOUFLAGED HANGER...
NOT A CAR OR TRUCK IN SIGHT, BUT THIS OLD CRATE MIGHT FLY!
I HOPE THESE BOMBS AREN'T DUDS. I MIGHT SLOW 'EM UP IF I FIND 'EM!
THE PLANE ZOOMS SKYWARD...
SKIMMING THE TREE TOPS, NILES SEARCHES FOR THE SMALL ENEMY ARMY, AS THE MORNING SUN BEGINS TO RISE...
NOT A SIGN OF 'EM.. AND I'M SOON NEAR THE CANAL!
A FEW MINUTES LATER, FIVE MILES FROM THE CANAL...
AH, THERE THEY ARE! THAT'S THEM!
NILES LETS LOOSE TWO BOMBS!
...GOT 'EM!
BOOM KA-BAM
SHOOT HIM! SHOOT HIM DOWN!
BAM
BAM
BAM
YES, WE TRY DO, TRY DO!
AT ARMY HEADQUARTERS, THIRTY SECONDS LATER...
...EXPLOSIONS AND SHOOTING REPORTED BY SCOUT PLANES, SIR. A NUMBER OF SMALL TANKS AND TRUCKS HEADED THIS WAY! ONE PLANE, TOO, SIR!
DISPATCH SECOND FIGHTER SQUADRON AND TANKS TO ENCOUNTER THEM!
7


UNITED STATES PLANES REACH THE BATTLE SCENE, AND, WITH A TERRIFIC BOMBARDMENT, THE SMALL ARMY OF THE RISING SUN IS SOON SMASHED IN THE TANGLE OF THE TROPICAL JUNGLE!
BANG
BOOM
BOOM
MEANWHILE, NILES . . .
WELL, OUR BOYS TOOK CARE OF THEM, ALL RIGHT!
RAT-A-TAT-TAT
TAT-A-TAT-TAT
HOLY SMOKE! THEY THINK I'M A JAP! THEY'RE SHOOTING AT ME!
HIS PLANE IS HIT AND SET ON FIRE! NILES BAILS OUT!
PHEW!
U.S. SOLDIERS SURROUND NILES AS HE LANDS.
UP WITH YOUR MITTS, YA JAP!
WHATTAYA MEAN, JAP? I'M A U.S. SOLDIER! ARE YOU BLIND?
OH GOSH! YES, SIR! YES, SIR! YES, SIR!
HOURS LATER, WHEN THE ENEMY FORCES HAVE BEEN ERADICATED, AT G.H.Q.
THAT'S AN AMAZING STORY, REED! YOU DID A SWELL JOB! NOW IS THERE ANYTHING YOU WANT?
YES, IF IT ISN'T TOO MUCH TROUBLE
I'D APPRECIATE A GLASS OF WATER! I'M AS DRY AS THE SAHARA!
WHY, OF COURSE, OF COURSE! BRING REED A GLASS OF WATER!
NEXT MONTH, DAVE SAILS INTO ACTION WITH THE
U.S. NAVY...



THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS
By J. Fenimore Cooper
PART VI
FORT WILLIAM HENRY IS BESIEGED BY FRENCH AND INDIANS UNDER THE MARQUIS OF MONTCALM. AMONG THE INDIANS IS MAGUA, HATER OF THE ENGLISH. THE DAUGHTERS OF THE COMMANDER OF THE FORT, COLONEL MONROE, HAVE ARRIVED AT THE FORT IN THE COMPANY OF MAJOR DUNCAN HEYWARD; AN OLD SCOUT, HAWK-EYE; TWO MOHICANS, CHINGACHGOOK AND HIS SON, UNCAS; AND A SINGING MASTER, DAVID GAMUT. HAWK-EYE IS DISPATCHED TO GENERAL WEBB ON THE HUDSON FOR HELP.
Retold in Pictures by Harold DeLay
HAWK-EYE, WITH THE MESSAGE TO WEBB, STOLE THROUGH THE FRENCH LINES.
THESE FRENCHIES ARE EASY TO EVADE!
THIS IS IN ENGLISH! TAKE IT, AND THE PRISONER, TO MONTCALM!
BUT UPON HIS RETURN WITH WEBB'S ANSWER, THE SCOUT WAS WAYLAID AND CAPTURED!
AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF GENERAL MONTCALM...
I'LL KEEP THIS INTERESTING DOCUMENT, AND YOU CAN TAKE A MESSAGE TO MONROE!



SO! HE ORDERS ME TO COME TO HIM! WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!
ANGERED AT MONTCALM'S NOTE, MONROE DECIDES TO SEND DUNCAN IN HIS PLACE.
DUNCAN, UNDER A FLAG OF TRUCE, I WANT YOU TO CALL ON THE GREAT MARQUIS AND SEE WHAT HE WANTS!
DUNCAN IS LED THROUGH THE LINES TO MONTCALM.
I REPRESENT COLONEL MONROE!
THAT'S KIND OF YOU, MAJOR, BUT I'LL DEAL WITH NONE BUT MONROE!
BEHIND MONTCALM, DUNCAN SAW THE FIENDISH FACE OF MAGUA, THE HURON!
DUNCAN GOES BACK WITH THE MESSAGE.
COLONEL, MONTCALM WILL SEE NO ONE BUT YOU!
SO, WITH DUNCAN AS AN ESCORT, MONROE MEETS MONTCALM . . .
I AM ASKING YOU TO SURRENDER. THIS LETTER WILL SHOW YOU WHY!
The Letter...
Dear Colonel Monroe,
I advise a speedy surrender, because I cannot send you a single man!
With regret
Colonel Webb.


YOU WILL BE GIVEN ALL THE HONORS OF WAR. YOUR GARRISON AND THE PEOPLE YOU PROTECT WILL BE ALLOWED TO LEAVE THE FORT IN SAFETY!
DON'T GRIEVE, COLONEL. IT IS THE ONLY THING YOU CAN DO!
SO DUNCAN ARRANGES FOR THE EVACUATION OF THE FORT.
DAVID, YOU LOOK AFTER CORA AND ALICE.
GLADLY!
THE GATES ARE THROWN OPEN, AND THE OCCUPANTS OF THE FORT TAKE TO THE ROAD.
I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THOSE REDSKINS!
UNLOADED GUNS ARE NO GOOD!
THEY MAKE GOOD CLUBS!
MONTCALM HAS PROMISED US PROTECTION!
BUT -- THE THICKET IS TEEMING WITH RED SAVAGES!
HAYOO
THEN --- MAGUA GIVES THE SIGNAL - A WAR WHOOP! ...
... AND THE INDIANS SWEEP DOWN ON THE HELPLESS WHITES IN A FURIOUS ATTACK.
INDIANS! KILL THEM!
AGU SIUI! AEEEEEE!

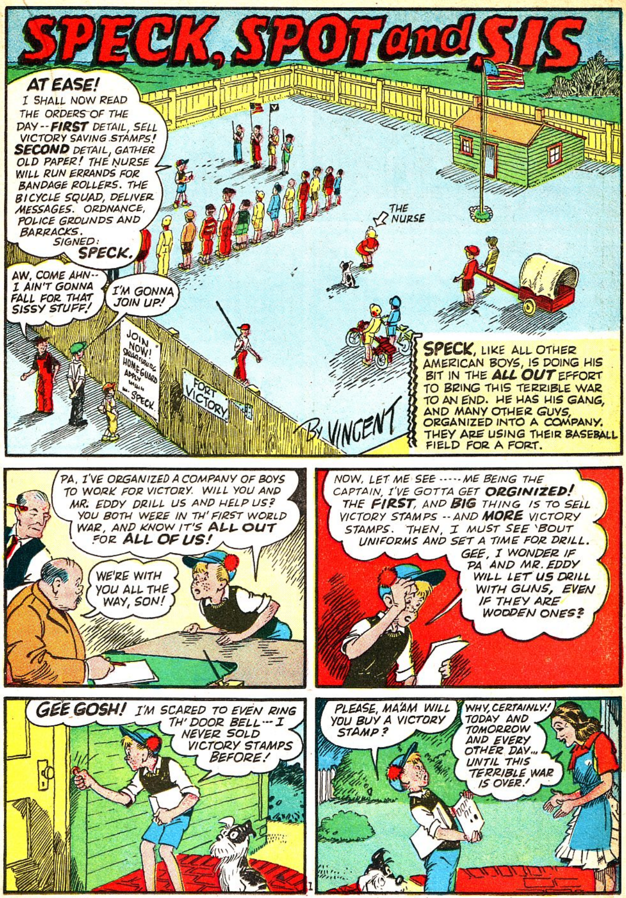


MAGUA SCREAMED A YELL OF PLEASURE, WHEN HE SAW THAT HE HAD THE GIRLS AT HIS MERCY!
YOU COME WITH ME TO THE CAMP OF THE HURON!
NO! LET ME GO!
OH, ALICE! WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO US?
ALICE FAINTS, BUT MAGUA CATCHES HER AND RUNS FOR THE WOODS!
LET MY SISTER DOWN!
STOP, DEVIL!
IN THE THICKET, ANOTHER SAVAGE WAITS WITH TWO HORSES.
STOP! IF YOU TAKE HER, THEN TAKE ME, TOO!
SO CORA, WITH THE UNCONSCIOUS SISTER IN HER ARMS, IS LED DEEP INTO THE WOODS BY MAGUA.
NOT FAR NOW!
OH, ALICE! WE MUST FIND A WAY TO ESCAPE!
BUT DAVID MOUNTS THE OTHER HORSE AND FOLLOWS THE SAVAGE'S TRAIL
I HOPE IT ISN'T TOO LATE!
FROM A HILLTOP, MAGUA MAKES THE GIRLS WITNESS THE MASSACRE OF THOSE BELOW.
AH! THOSE ARE MY BRAVES!
GOD HELP FATHER AND DUNCAN!
THEY WILL SURELY BE KILLED!
4

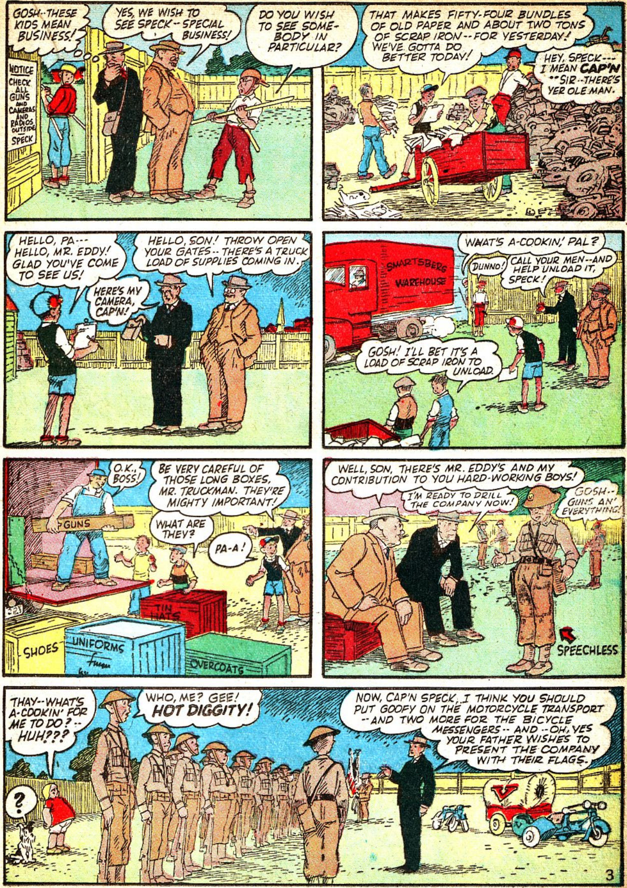


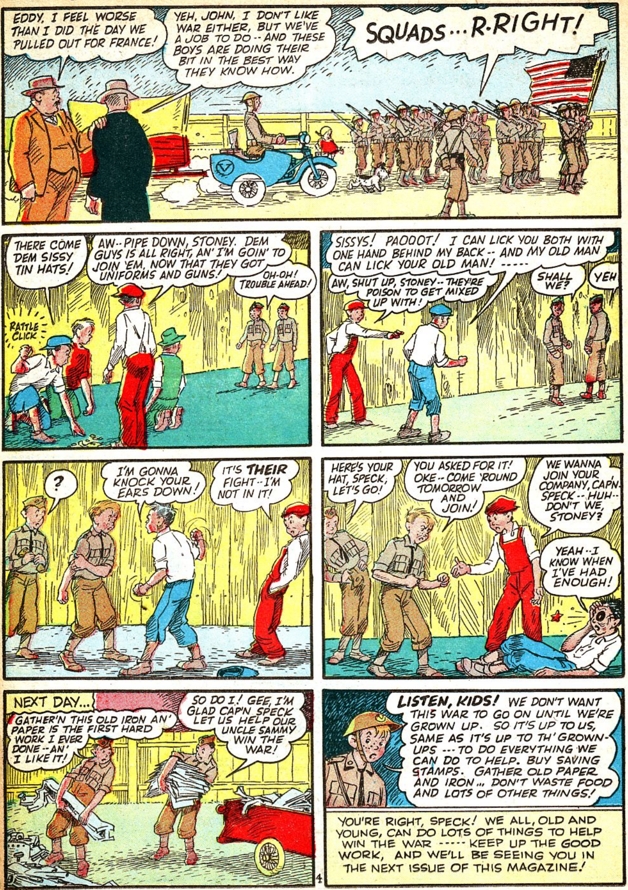
BUT COLONEL MONROE, DUNCAN, AND SOME FRIENDS WHO ESCAPED THE SLAUGHTER, SET OUT THREE DAYS LATER TO SEARCH FOR THE MISSING GIRLS.
THEY MUST HAVE BEEN TAKEN PRISONERS!
I HOPE THEY'RE ALIVE!
I SEE SOMETHING AHEAD!
IT'S A PIECE OF CLOTH, TORN FROM THE DRESS OF THE GIRLS!
UNCAS BENDS OVER SOME TRACKS...
AT LAST!
AHH!
LOOK! IT'S THE FOOTPRINT OF MAGUA!
HERE! DAVID'S WHISTLE! HE MUST BE ON THE TRAIL, TOO!
PERHAPS WE CAN STILL FIND THEM!
THAT NIGHT THE SMALL PARTY MADE THEIR CAMP IN THE RUINS OF FORT WILLIAM HENRY.
NO ONE WILL SUSPECT US OF STAYING HERE!
HAWK-EYE BUILT A FIRE WHILE UNCAS PREPARED A BED FOR DUNCAN AND COLONEL MONROE.
5


WHILE THE OTHERS SLEPT, HAWK-EYE AND THE INDIANS HELD A POW-WOW.
MAGUA HAS TAKEN THE GIRLS TO HIS CAMP IN THE NORTH. WE FOLLOW TOMORROW.
RIGHT! WE WILL TRAVEL BY CANOE.
EARLY IN THE MORNING, THE SCOUT ROUSED DUNCAN AND MONROE.
IT'S TIME WE WERE ON OUR WAY!
WHAT? SO EARLY?
UNCAS BROUGHT HIS CANOE TO THE ROCKS WHERE IT WOULD LEAVE NO TELL-TALE MARK--
-- AND THE GROUP TOOK THEIR PLACES...
CAREFUL!
WE MUST HURRY ON!
ALL MORNING THEY PADDLED ON, WHEN SUDDENLY THE MIST LIFTED, AND THEY SAW A LARGE WAR CANOE, FILLED WITH SAVAGES, BEARING DOWN ON THEM!
THEY LOOK LIKE HURONS!
PREPARE FOR TROUBLE. THEY'RE SEARCHING FOR US!
---THIS ISN'T THE LAST OF "The Last of the Mohicans" ---CONTINUED IN THE NEXT TARGET!
6


SPECK, SPOT and SIS
AT EASE! I SHALL NOW READ THE ORDERS OF THE DAY -- FIRST DETAIL, SELL VICTORY SAVING STAMPS! SECOND DETAIL, GATHER OLD PAPER! THE NURSE WILL RUN ERRANDS FOR BANDAGE ROLLERS. THE BICYCLE SQUAD, DELIVER MESSAGES. ORDNANCE, POLICE GROUNDS AND BARRACKS. SIGNED: SPECK.
THE NURSE
AW, COME AHN-- I AIN'T GONNA FALL FOR THAT SISSY STUFF!
I'M GONNA JOIN UP!
JOIN NOW! HOME GUARD APPLY ... SPECK
FORT VICTORY
By VINCENT
SPECK, LIKE ALL OTHER AMERICAN BOYS, IS DOING HIS BIT IN THE ALL OUT EFFORT TO BRING THIS TERRIBLE WAR TO AN END. HE HAS HIS GANG, AND MANY OTHER GUYS, ORGANIZED INTO A COMPANY. THEY ARE USING THEIR BASEBALL FIELD FOR A FORT.
PA, I'VE ORGANIZED A COMPANY OF BOYS TO WORK FOR VICTORY. WILL YOU AND MR. EDDY DRILL US AND HELP US? YOU BOTH WERE IN TH' FIRST WORLD WAR, AND KNOW IT'S ALL OUT FOR ALL OF US!
WE'RE WITH YOU ALL THE WAY, SON!
NOW, LET ME SEE ----- ME BEING THE CAPTAIN, I'VE GOTTA GET ORGINIZED! THE FIRST, AND BIG THING IS TO SELL VICTORY STAMPS -- AND MORE VICTORY STAMPS. THEN, I MUST SEE 'BOUT UNIFORMS AND SET A TIME FOR DRILL.
GEE, I WONDER IF PA AND MR. EDDY WILL LET US DRILL WITH GUNS, EVEN IF THEY ARE WOODEN ONES?
GEE GOSH! I'M SCARED TO EVEN RING TH' DOOR BELL -- I NEVER SOLD VICTORY STAMPS BEFORE!
PLEASE, MA'AM WILL YOU BUY A VICTORY STAMP?
WHY, CERTAINLY! TODAY AND TOMORROW AND EVERY OTHER DAY... UNTIL THIS TERRIBLE WAR IS OVER!


SPOT, THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA! I'LL GET A DETAIL OUT ON A DAILY ROUTE, SELLING VICTORY STAMPS FROM DOOR TO DOOR. GEE... THAT WAY WE CAN COVER TH' WHOLE TOWN... LET'S GO!
WIRK! WIRK!
AND SO EVERY DAY, SPECK AND HIS BOYS GO FROM HOUSE TO HOUSE SELLING STAMPS.
THERE YOU ARE, PA... YOU HANDLE TH' MONEY... WE'LL SELL TH' STAMPS! GIVE US 200 MORE STAMPS FOR TOMORROW!
GOSH... THESE BOYS MEAN BUSINESS!
O.K., SON!
IN PA'S OFFICE AFTER THE BOYS WERE GONE...
WELL, EDDY, LOOKS LIKE WE'VE GOTTA GET BUSY AND DO OUR PART... HOW ABOUT UNIFORMS FOR 'EM?
DID TH' FOLKS AT HOME GO OUT--ALL OUT--FOR US LIKE THAT WHEN WE WERE AT TH' FRONT? I'LL SAY WE'VE GOTTA GET BUSY, AND TH' SKY'S TH' LIMIT!
PA GOES SHOPPING FOR UNIFORMS...
I WANT YOU TO MAKE UNIFORMS FOR THE BOYS IN SPECK'S GANG AND HAVE THEM READY ONE WEEK FROM TODAY--I'LL STAND THE EXPENSE.
YES, SIR!
WHILE MR. EDDY GOES TO THE TOY SHOP...
NOW SEE IF YOU CAN FIND OTHER PARTS OF A SOLDIER'S OUTFIT--- TIN HAT, BELT, AND SO FORTH. I WANT THESE DELIVERED ONE WEEK FROM TODAY.
AND I THOUGHT I'D NEVER HAVE TO SEE ONE OF THESE AGAIN!
WELL, EDDY, TODAY IS THE BIG DAY FOR SPECK'S GANG... THEY'VE EARNED IT. THEY'VE SOLD OVER TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS' WORTH OF VICTORY STAMPS! LET'S SEE IF WE CAN GET IN AT THEIR FORT. I'VE THE PASSWORD.
I'LL TAKE SOME NEWS PICTURES!
JOIN NOW! VICTORY BOYS
INQUIRE WITHIN --- SPECK
EDDY! LOOK ABOUT AND SEE THAT NO ONE IS SPYING ON US!
ADVANCE AND GIVE THE PASSWORD!
ALL CLEAR THIS WAY!
(WHISPER) V·I·C·T·O·R·Y
RIGHT! YOU MAY PASS INSIDE!


GOSH--THESE KIDS MEAN BUSINESS!
NOTICE CHECK ALL GUNS AND CAMERAS AND RADIOS OUTSIDE SPECK
YES, WE WISH TO SEE SPECK--SPECIAL BUSINESS!
DO YOU WISH TO SEE SOME-BODY IN PARTICULAR?
THAT MAKES FIFTY-FOUR BUNDLES OF OLD PAPER AND ABOUT TWO TONS OF SCRAP IRON--FOR YESTERDAY! WE'VE GOTTA DO BETTER TODAY!
HEY, SPECK--- I MEAN CAP'N --SIR--THERE'S YER OLE MAN.
HELLO, PA--- HELLO, MR. EDDY! GLAD YOU'VE COME TO SEE US!
HELLO, SON! THROW OPEN YOUR GATES--THERE'S A TRUCK LOAD OF SUPPLIES COMING IN.
HERE'S MY CAMERA, CAP'N!
SMARTSBERG WAREHOUSE
WHAT'S A-COOKIN,' PAL?
DUNNO!
CALL YOUR MEN--AND HELP UNLOAD IT, SPECK!
GOSH! I'LL BET IT'S A LOAD OF SCRAP IRON TO UNLOAD.
O.K., BOSS!
BE VERY CAREFUL OF THOSE LONG BOXES, MR. TRUCKMAN. THEY'RE MIGHTY IMPORTANT!
GUNS
WHAT ARE THEY?
PA-A!
TIN HATS
SHOES
UNIFORMS
OVERCOATS
WELL, SON, THERE'S MR. EDDY'S AND MY CONTRIBUTION TO YOU HARD-WORKING BOYS!
I'M READY TO DRILL THE COMPANY NOW!
GOSH-- GUNS AN' EVERYTHING!
SPEECHLESS
THAY--WHAT'S A-COOKIN' FOR ME TO DO?--HUH???
?
WHO, ME? GEE! HOT DIGGITY!
NOW, CAP'N SPECK, I THINK YOU SHOULD PUT GOOFY ON THE MOTORCYCLE TRANSPORT --AND TWO MORE FOR THE BICYCLE MESSENGERS--AND--OH, YES YOUR FATHER WISHES TO PRESENT THE COMPANY WITH THEIR FLAGS.


EDDY, I FEEL WORSE THAN I DID THE DAY WE PULLED OUT FOR FRANCE!
YEH, JOHN, I DON'T LIKE WAR EITHER, BUT WE'VE A JOB TO DO -- AND THESE BOYS ARE DOING THEIR BIT IN THE BEST WAY THEY KNOW HOW.
SQUADS ... R-RIGHT!
THERE COME DEM SISSY TIN HATS!
AW -- PIPE DOWN, STONEY. DEM GUYS IS ALL RIGHT, AN' I'M GOIN' TO JOIN 'EM, NOW THAT THEY GOT UNIFORMS AND GUNS!
RATTLE CLICK
OH-OH! TROUBLE AHEAD!
SISSYS! PAOOOT! I CAN LICK YOU BOTH WITH ONE HAND BEHIND MY BACK -- AND MY OLD MAN CAN LICK YOUR OLD MAN! -----
AW, SHUT UP, STONEY -- THEY'RE POISON TO GET MIXED UP WITH!
SHALL WE?
YEH
?
I'M GONNA KNOCK YOUR EARS DOWN!
IT'S THEIR FIGHT -- I'M NOT IN IT!
HERE'S YOUR HAT, SPECK, LET'S GO!
YOU ASKED FOR IT! OKE -- COME 'ROUND TOMORROW AND JOIN!
WE WANNA JOIN YOUR COMPANY, CAP'N SPECK -- HUH -- DON'T WE, STONEY?
YEAH -- I KNOW WHEN I'VE HAD ENOUGH!
NEXT DAY...
GATHER'N THIS OLD IRON AN' PAPER IS THE FIRST HARD WORK I EVER DONE -- AN' I LIKE IT!
SO DO I! GEE, I'M GLAD CAP'N SPECK LET US HELP OUR UNCLE SAMMY WIN THE WAR!
LISTEN, KIDS! WE DON'T WANT THIS WAR TO GO ON UNTIL WE'RE GROWN UP. SO IT'S UP TO US, SAME AS IT'S UP TO TH' GROWN-UPS --- TO DO EVERYTHING WE CAN DO TO HELP. BUY SAVING STAMPS. GATHER OLD PAPER AND IRON ... DON'T WASTE FOOD AND LOTS OF OTHER THINGS!
YOU'RE RIGHT, SPECK! WE ALL, OLD AND YOUNG, CAN DO LOTS OF THINGS TO HELP WIN THE WAR ----- KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK, AND WE'LL BE SEEING YOU IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF THIS MAGAZINE!

ADVENTURES IN STAMPS

By Eugene L. Pollock

HAVE YOU HEARD . . .

—THAT St. Kitts Nevis, British islands in the West Indies, issued a set of postage stamps to raise money for the building of a playground and cricket field? Collectors call this set the "Cricket Field" issue.

★ ★ ★

—THAT before Wake Island was captured by the Japanese it was governed by the Mayor of Honolulu, Hawaii, 1,200 miles away? The United States Post Office Department considered Wake Island part of Honolulu because it had the same mayor, so one could send a letter between these two points for only two cents. But if you or I wanted to send a letter to the next town, which may only be a half mile away or just across the river, the postage rate would be three cents. The U. S. postal laws charge two cents for mail sent anywhere in your town or city, but, if it's out of town, the price is three cents.



Old Stamp of Hawaii

★ ★ ★

—THAT Dominica, a British island in the West Indies, has a lake of boiling water that is higher in the middle than on the sides? A hot mist, or steam vapor, covers the lake so thickly that one cannot see the other side, which is only three hundred feet away

★ ★ ★

—THAT the lowest value United States stamp is the one-eighth-cent documentary issue of 1875? It shows the battleship Maine, which was blown up in the harbor of Havana just before the outbreak of the Spanish-American War

★ ★ ★

—THAT the tiny island of Ascension, just off the west coast of Africa, is the world's greatest exporter of turtles? Most of the turtles one sees at the zoo come from Ascension Because the British navy used it as a supply base, no one, except naval men, was allowed to land on the island for one hundred and seven years.



Ascension Island

AN APPROVAL APPLICANT is anyone sending for the stamps advertised on this page This means that along with the advertised stamps you send for you will also receive a selection of other stamps from which you may buy any or all you prefer You must send back the stamps (except those you receive from the ad), together with the money for those you buy within 10 days after you receive them

TARGET TERRORS

SLAMMING AWAY with the sharp "slap" of high power rifles, the boys on the firing line poured a steady stream of bullets into the distant targets. Practice was becoming a serious thing for the boys at Camp Dixon, for in a few days there was to be a meet with other regiments from out of the state.

Sergeant Kennedy walked the length of the line inspecting the group, but after each one he shook his head. Try as they might, these new recruits wouldn't be able to match the scores of the regulars that they were coming up against. With only one week's practice they were doing fine, but not good enough. He went over to Major Bixby. "It's gonna be sad, Major!"

"Think so, eh? Well, don't worry *too* much. These kids pick up pretty fast. Maybe they'll surprise you!"

"I doubt it. Our *pistol* shooters are even worse. They can hardly hit the target, far less than the *bull's eye!*"

Practice was dismissed and the boys went back to the barracks. Most of them felt sure that their camp could take the meet, although half of them had never even handled a rifle before. Kennedy went to the pistol range, only to find the same thing there. Soldiers banged away, missing three out of five. The instructors were frantic trying to correct their mistakes, but to no avail.

What a day, Kennedy thought to himself, what a day! It's too bad we can't ring in some of the old timers! He went to his shack and plopped in a chair, muttering to himself. If they lost this meet by the score he expected them to, he'd be the joke of the army!

On the following day, the team members were selected to represent his barrack group. Only the eight best were selected out of each group, and when the sergeant saw their targets, he turned cold. Why, they were shooting only forty out of a hundred, while the other camps could stick them in the high eighties or *nineties!*

Practice was held day after day, with the meet drawing closer, but there was little improvement. He bellowed and he bullied—he even babied, and all he got was a score rise of one or two points. Finally he tapped one contestant on the shoulder. "Can't you do better than that!"

"Gorsh, Sarge, I just cain't seem to. This li'l gun doesn't figger to help any, either. It won't hit what I *shoot* at!"

"Nerts!" said the sergeant, and stalked away.

At the pistol range it was even worse. Two of the boys, who were better than most, ran up scores of fifty, which practically set a record for the group. Kennedy tore his hair out and gave it up as hopeless. Never in a hundred years would these mugs be able to shoot a gun. What would happen when they faced an enemy?

"Sergeant. Sergeant Kennedy!" It was the Major.

"Yes, sir?"

"How are things progressing, Sergeant?"

"Rotten, er-er — I mean, terrible, sir! The outside team has this meet in the bag!"

"That's too bad. I understand that the winning team is getting a two week's furlough. Well, that's the way it goes!" Kennedy groaned. Just when G.H.Q. was feeling generous with furloughs, *he'd* get stuck with a team like this one! Phooey!

Saturday was the meet—only one day off. Kennedy was so grouchy that no one could speak to him. He glared at the recruits like a cat at a dog. When his disgust was at its peak the phone rang. "Sergeant Kennedy? This is the hospital. I'm afraid that you're going to lose nearly every one of your men for the meet!"

"WHAT!"

"Yeah, Denner, Mason, Giles, Stuber, Remwick, and Brian have poison ivy. They'll be out for a while. Oh—Joe Wilson got in a fight with Archie Ward and broke a finger. Archie has a sprained wrist."

Kennedy paled and hung up. All those men were on his team. "Ohhhhhh! What's going to happen *next!*"

"What's up, Sarge?" A shrill voice piped up.

"What's up! Why, I just lose every man on my pistol squad and some on the rifles, and you ask what's up! What'r ya, a wise guy!"

"Now, don't get sore, Sarge. I know what we can do! *I'll* fill in

BY MICKEY SPILLANE

for you, and Pete and his brothers can help some. There's seven of them, you know!"

"What do you office mice know about—pistols, anyway!"

"Oh, just a little—but we're as good as any of the rest you have. Come on, give us a shot at it, we're sick of being cooped up at typewriters!"

"Okay, *Okay!* You can't be any *worse!* You'll take over on the pistols and I'll fill up the rifle spots with our cookie and his pot-wallopers. Once I saw them shoot a *sixty*, so they oughta *do!*"

SATURDAY WAS A beautiful day, but not for Kennedy. The men from the other camps streamed in by truck and car to see the match. Somehow the word of the terrible scores and the new substitutes got around, and the ribbing that the Dixon boys took was something awful. Rumor had it that the out-of-state contestants were shooting close to perfect scores, which meant the *end* of Dixon's hopes!

But the gang was not easily discouraged. The kidding got under their skin until they were betting their shirts and what-not on the outcome. Major Bixby wore a worried frown as he met Major Johnson from the other camp. Johnson was smiling broadly. "Hello, Bixby, have you made any bets on the match?"

Bixby was mad. "Listen, Johnson, *I'll* make a bet. If *we* win you push a peanut around the parade grounds with your nose. If you win, *I'll* do it!"

"Major, you have a *bet!*"

THE BOYS LINED UP on the range. Camp Blair was firing first, and they set about their job with a vengeance! Their rifles cracked steadily, making the targets "splat" with each hit. It was apparent that they were knocking out some fancy marks. If a new record wasn't set it would be a wonder!

When the targets were brought in and totaled up, the scores averaged ninety-two, *a new record!* Kennedy almost passed out when he saw it. He ambled up to his gang with a sigh and threw up his hands in resignation. "It's all *yours* fellows, shoot it anyway you like!"

"You all mean we can shoot how we *please,* Sarge?" asked the hillbilly on the squad.

"Yeah, it won't make any difference!" The sergeant set his jaw and put his hands in his pockets.

"Hot dog, fellers, we can squint up the li'l ole barr'l any which way!" The hillbillies let out a funny yell and got in position. They seemed filled with new life. The spectators' eyes almost popped out when they saw what happened. Instead of regulation positions, they lay every which way, aiming with the wrong eye, shooting lefty, using a wet finger to find wind drift and what-not. Kennedy stood dumbfounded...his mouth dropped open.

"Well, I'll be—!" he muttered. It was a strange story when the targets came in. The centers were shot completely out of them. They had set a *new* record five minutes after the other bunch! Everyone was screaming their lungs out when they moved to the pistol range.

But Kennedy was still dejected. The *pistol* average would be sure to lose the meet for them. Imagine having three typists on the team, men who hadn't held a gun since they came to camp! He could've cried. What he wouldn't give for just *one* pistol expert!

Again the Blair boys lined up first, shooting by relays to make the event more spectacular. One by one they banged away, peppering the black bull's eye with holes. Their shooting was superb! After every shot a tremendous cheer went up. This bunch was *good!*

WHEN THE LAST MAN had finished they counted up. Ninety-six out of a possible one hundred was the average! Incredible! That was sharpshooting for *sure!* Major Bixby and Sergeant Kennedy shook their heads in unison. Already Bixby had horrible pictures of himself pushing that peanut around.

Dixon's team came by, the three typists in the lead. They winked broadly as they went by. All morning they had been practicing as a team, secretly. They lined up, raised their guns to eye level in one smooth motion — then let go! Volley after volley poured into the black spot.

The amazement on everyone's face was funny. Never had they seen such shooting, and from a group of *letter-mechanics!* Even the other team gaped with wide opened mouths. The Dixon boys never let up, until their last cartridge was spent. Their score read . . . *ninety-eight* out of a *hundred!* Another record!

AFTER THE SHOUTING died down a little, Kennedy got the team together. "Now *give,* you mugs! How didja *do* it?"

The hillbilly spoke first. "Well, we never could get used to squintin' army fashin', so when you told us to do what we *liked,* we used the Kaintucky rifle style!"

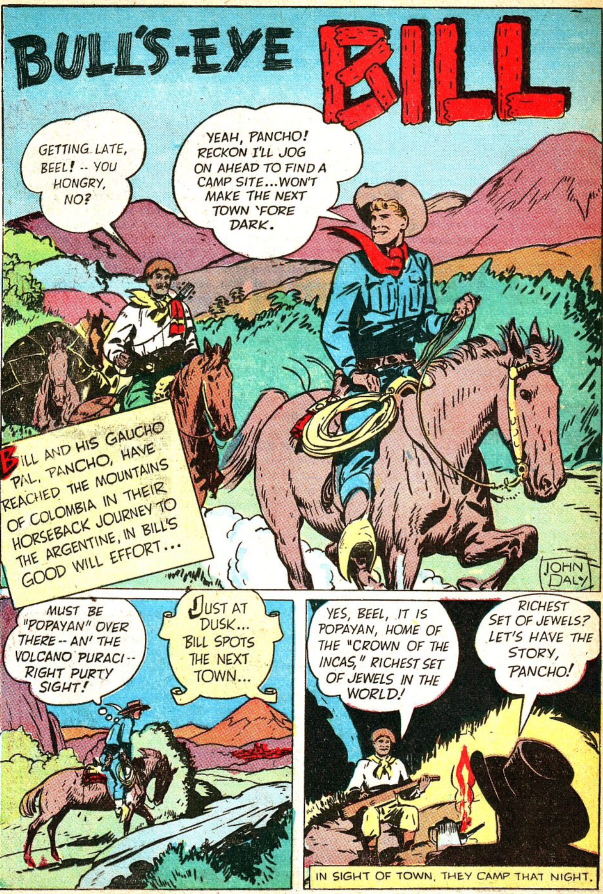
The camp cook laughed heartily, "I used to own a rifle range at Coney Island! These other kitchen sweepers were my help!"

With a broad grin the typist turned to Kennedy. "We used to be trick shooters in the circus before the army got us. We just polished up the old act a little bit and went to it!"

"Well, can you beat that!" Kennedy said softly.

Just then, Major Bixby ran by holding a peanut. "Johnson!" he yelled, "Oh, Major John---*son!*"

THE END


BULL'S-EYE BILL
GETTING LATE, BEEL! -- YOU HONGRY, NO?
YEAH, PANCHO! RECKON I'LL JOG ON AHEAD TO FIND A CAMP SITE...WON'T MAKE THE NEXT TOWN 'FORE DARK.
BILL AND HIS GAUCHO PAL, PANCHO, HAVE REACHED THE MOUNTAINS OF COLOMBIA IN THEIR HORSEBACK JOURNEY TO THE ARGENTINE, IN BILL'S GOOD WILL EFFORT...
JOHN DALY
MUST BE "POPAYAN" OVER THERE -- AN' THE VOLCANO PURACI -- RIGHT PURTY SIGHT!
JUST AT DUSK... BILL SPOTS THE NEXT TOWN...
YES, BEEL, IT IS POPAYAN, HOME OF THE "CROWN OF THE INCAS," RICHEST SET OF JEWELS IN THE WORLD!
RICHEST SET OF JEWELS? LET'S HAVE THE STORY, PANCHO!
IN SIGHT OF TOWN, THEY CAMP THAT NIGHT.



WELL, BEEL, THE OLD CONQUISTADORES, WHO FOLLOWED COLUMBUS TO AMERICA, SEARCHED ALWAYS FOR GOLD AND JEWELS--
"BENALCAZAR CAME HERE FROM PERU IN 1536. HE CONQUERED THE INCAS AND SETTLED THE CITY...
"...ONE OF THE FIRST BUILDINGS IN POPAYA WAS THE FAMOUS CATHEDRAL. IT STILL STANDS AFTER 400 YEARS...
"...TO CROWN ONE OF THE STATUES IN THE CHURCH, THE "CROWN OF THE INCAS" WAS MADE. IT IS VALUED AT $5,000,000.
"... MANY ATTEMPTS HAVE BEEN MADE TO STEAL THE CROWN, BUT IT HAS ALWAYS BEEN SAVED BY THE GUARDS, WHO ARE SAID TO BE DESCENDANTS OF THE DONORS."
$5,000,000... HOLY SMOKES! THAT'S SOME JEWEL! WHO GUARDS IT, PANCHO?
TO ANSWER BILL, PANCHO TELLS A STRANGE STORY...
NEXT MORNING, THEY ENTER POPAYA . . .
YES, BEEL, AS I EXPLAINED... THE CROWN JEWELS HAVE BEEN IN CARE OF A LOCAL FAMILY FOR THREE HUNDRED YEARS... AND ITS MEMBERS DISTRIBUTE THE SEGMENTS AMONG THEMSELVES FOR SAFETY!
THEN THE CROWN IS NOT ALWAYS IN THE CHURCH?
ONLY ON CERTAIN FEAST DAYS, BEEL.

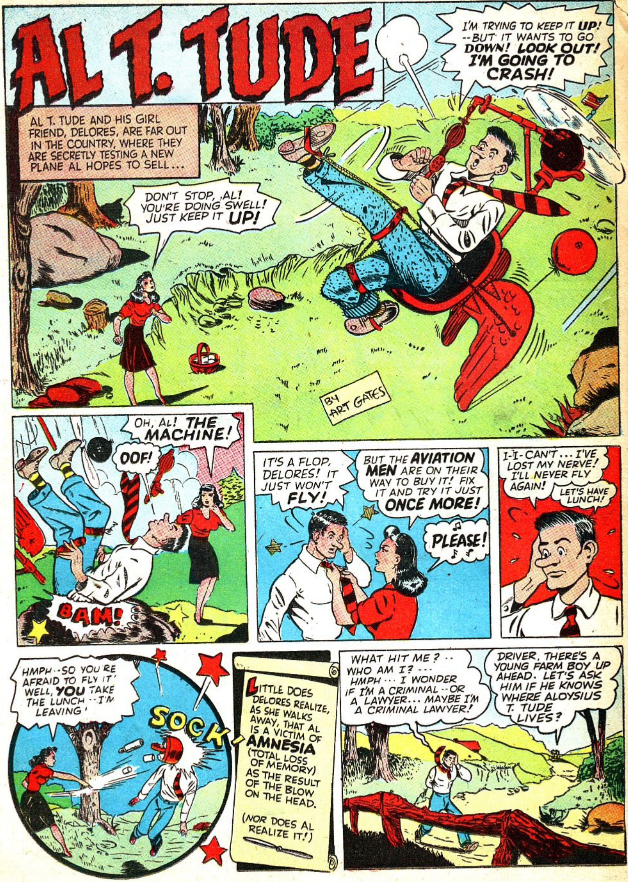

AFTER DINNER THAT DAY...
NOT MANY PEOPLE ON THE STREET, PANCHO!
IT IS THE HOUR OF THE SIESTA.
IN THE STREET, BELOW THE BALCONY...
PSST... HERE THEY COME!.. DO LIKE I SAID!
NONCHALANTLY, ONE OF THE STRANGERS STARTS WHISTLING.
...A FAMILIAR TUNE TO BILL!
"BUFFALO GALS"!.. MUST BE A YANKEE!...
SUDDENLY...
UGH!
GRAB IT AN' RUN, LEFTY!
GLUG!
SI, SEÑOR!
IT'S "WHISTLIN' UTAH," THE BANK BANDIT!
BANG!
BANG!
SORRY, FOLKS! GOTTA BE ROLLIN!
3

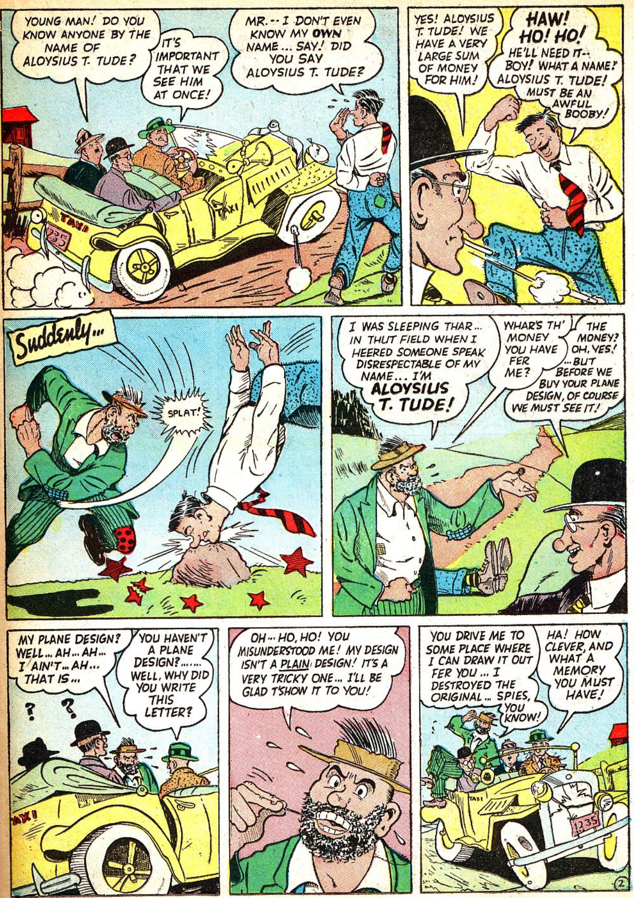


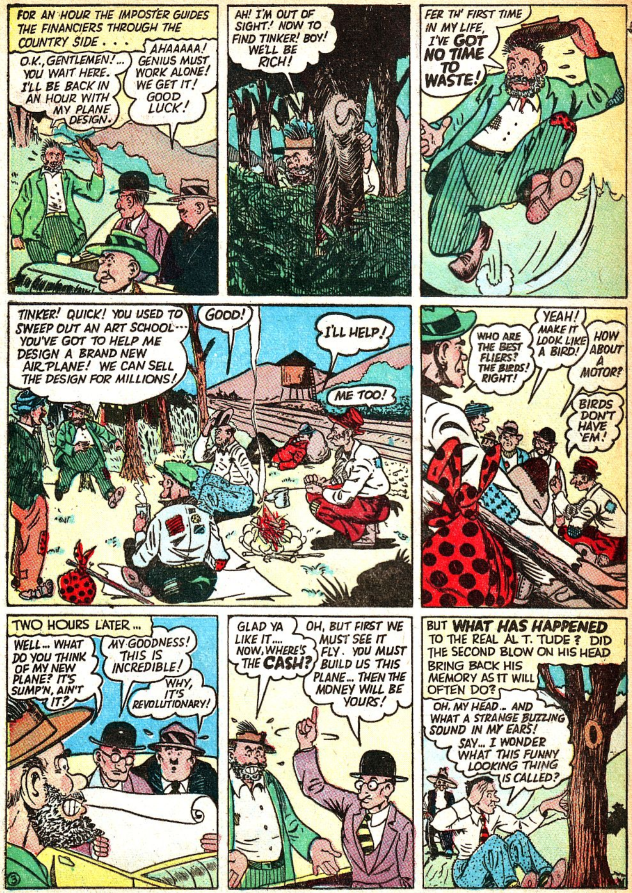
I RECOGNIZED THAT HOMBRE, MADAM. SHALL I GET THE POLICE?
PLEASE, NO, SEÑORS... IT IS NOTHING. SEE! MY BAG IS QUITE SAFE! WE ARE UNHURT!
QUEER, EH, BEEL?
RIGHT, PANCHO, THEY SEEM TO BE AFRAID OF THE COPS... AND THE MAN DID LOSE HIS FIELD GLASSES!
A FEW MINUTES LATER, BILL'S SHARP EYE SPOTS A GLEAMING JEWEL ON THE SIDEWALK.
?
?
IT EES AN EMERALD... FALLEN FROM THE GIRL'S BAG!
THAT'S IT, PANCHO! THE CROWN OF THE INCAS!
THEY MUST BE GUARDIANS OF THE CROWN! ..."UTAH" THOUGHT THE GENT CARRIED HIS PIECE IN THE FIELD-GLASS CASE! LET'S GO!
YES, AND THE GIRL HAD IT IN HER BAG. NOT EVEN THE POLICE MUST KNOW WHO GUARDS THE CROWN!
THIS "WHISTLIN' UTAH" IS A BOLD THIEF. HE AIN'T COMIN' WAY DOWN HERE FER NOTHIN'! HE'LL STRIKE AGAIN! WE GOTTA KETCH THEM FOLKS!
THEY WALKED TOWARD THE SUBURBS. WE WILL OVERTAKE THEM!
BACK AGAIN, FOLKS!
IT IS THE TWO RANCHEROS ONCE MORE! WHAT NOW?
4


YOU CAN TRUST US, SEÑOR! WE WISH TO HELP YOU GUARD THE CROWN. I HAVE A PLAN!
DIOS! AN EMERALD FROM THE CROWN! IT MUST HAVE FALLEN FROM MY DAUGHTER'S BAG! YES, WE WILL NEED HELP!
MEANWHILE... IN THE HANGOUT OF "WHISTLING UTAH" AND "CULEBRA LEFTY."..
YOU TOLD ME THE CROWN WAS IN THIS CASE! LOOK! WE'VE BEEN FOOLED!
BUT I WAS MISTAKEN. THE FAULT IS NOT MINE!
O.K.... WE'LL STICK 'EM UP, THEN... LET'S GO!
SNEAK AROUND TO THE ALLEY AND ENTER FROM THE REAR, LEFTY! I'LL WALK IN THE FRONT...
YOU CAN TRUST "CULEBRA LEFTY," SEÑOR!
BUT THE SHADOWS OF THE ALLEY CONCEAL A COMPETENT GUARD!...
OOOWW!
BUENAS NOCHES, SEÑOR PEEG! -- -- MY CARD!
THAT WILL HOLD YOU, MY FAT PIGEON! NOW .. TO GO TO THE AID OF MY PARTNER, BEEL!
5

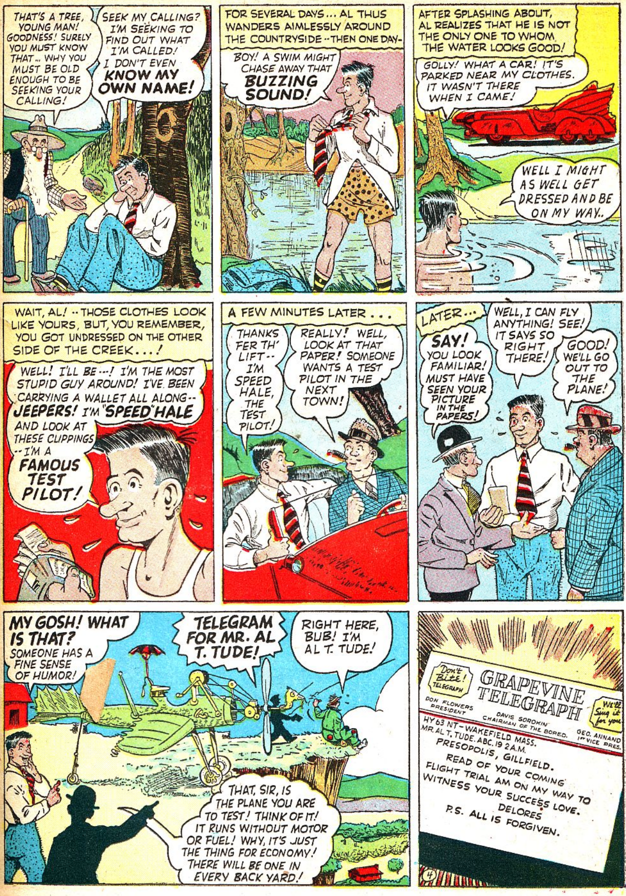

WHILE AT THE FRONT...
H'IST 'EM, "UTAH"! NO TRICKS!
GREAT DAY IN THE MORNIN'!
I'M A GOIN' TO GIVE YUH A BREAK, "UTAH"... WHEN PANCHO COUNTS THREE, GO FER YORE GUN. IF YUH BEAT ME TUH THE DRAW, YUH GO FREE. TAKE HIS COAT, PANCHO!
O.K., COWBOY!
YOU LOSE, "UTAH"! CRIME DON'T PAY, 'PEARS LIKE!
UNO.. DOS.. TRES!
WOW!
HOW'D YAH KNOW I'D BE BACK, PUNCHER?
FIVE MILLION BUCKS IS THICK MONEY, "UTAH." ... NO GAMBLER WOULD QUIT A POT LIKE THAT 'THOUT A SHOWDOWN!
KEEP 'EM COVERED, PANCHO! I'LL ASK TH' FOLKS TO LET ME CALL TH' U.S. CONSUL. "WHISTLIN' UTAH" IS KNOWN AN' WANTED IN FOUR STATES!
RECKON YUH'LL BE SAFE NOW, SEÑOR! THE OFFICIALS ARE ON THE WAY!
MANY THANKS! WE WATCHED YOU FROM THE WINDOW!
SEÑOR, YOU ARE WONDERFUL!
WONDER WHAT'S OVER THE NEXT HILL, PANCHO!
WE SHALL SEE, BEEL!
What New Adventures lie over the hills for BULL'S-EYE BILL and PANCHO in South America? MORE... in the next TARGET!


AL T. TUDE
AL T. TUDE AND HIS GIRL FRIEND, DELORES, ARE FAR OUT IN THE COUNTRY, WHERE THEY ARE SECRETLY TESTING A NEW PLANE AL HOPES TO SELL...
I'M TRYING TO KEEP IT UP! --BUT IT WANTS TO GO DOWN! LOOK OUT! I'M GOING TO CRASH!
DON'T STOP, AL! YOU'RE DOING SWELL! JUST KEEP IT UP!
BY ART GATES
OH, AL! THE MACHINE!
OOF!
BAM!
IT'S A FLOP, DELORES! IT JUST WON'T FLY!
BUT THE AVIATION MEN ARE ON THEIR WAY TO BUY IT! FIX IT AND TRY IT JUST ONCE MORE!
PLEASE!
I-I-CAN'T... I'VE LOST MY NERVE! I'LL NEVER FLY AGAIN!
LET'S HAVE LUNCH!
HMPH--SO YOU'RE AFRAID TO FLY IT! WELL, YOU TAKE THE LUNCH--I'M LEAVING!
SOCK!
LITTLE DOES DELORES REALIZE, AS SHE WALKS AWAY, THAT AL IS A VICTIM OF AMNESIA (TOTAL LOSS OF MEMORY) AS THE RESULT OF THE BLOW ON THE HEAD.
(NOR DOES AL REALIZE IT!)
WHAT HIT ME?.. WHO AM I?--- HMPH... I WONDER IF I'M A CRIMINAL--OR A LAWYER... MAYBE I'M A CRIMINAL LAWYER!
DRIVER, THERE'S A YOUNG FARM BOY UP AHEAD. LET'S ASK HIM IF HE KNOWS WHERE ALOYSIUS T. TUDE LIVES?


YOUNG MAN! DO YOU KNOW ANYONE BY THE NAME OF ALOYSIUS T. TUDE?
IT'S IMPORTANT THAT WE SEE HIM AT ONCE!
MR.-- I DON'T EVEN KNOW MY OWN NAME... SAY! DID YOU SAY ALOYSIUS T. TUDE?
TAXI
235
YES! ALOYSIUS T. TUDE! WE HAVE A VERY LARGE SUM OF MONEY FOR HIM!
HAW! HO! HO! HE'LL NEED IT-- BOY! WHAT A NAME! ALOYSIUS T. TUDE! MUST BE AN AWFUL BOOBY!
Suddenly...
SPLAT!
I WAS SLEEPING THAR... IN THUT FIELD WHEN I HEERED SOMEONE SPEAK DISRESPECTABLE OF MY NAME... I'M ALOYSIUS T. TUDE!
WHAR'S TH' MONEY YOU HAVE FER ME?
THE MONEY? OH, YES! ...BUT BEFORE WE BUY YOUR PLANE DESIGN, OF COURSE WE MUST SEE IT!
MY PLANE DESIGN? WELL... AH... AH... I AIN'T... AH... THAT IS...
YOU HAVEN'T A PLANE DESIGN?...... WELL, WHY DID YOU WRITE THIS LETTER?
? ?
OH... HO, HO! YOU MISUNDERSTOOD ME! MY DESIGN ISN'T A PLAIN DESIGN! IT'S A VERY TRICKY ONE... I'LL BE GLAD T'SHOW IT TO YOU!
YOU DRIVE ME TO SOME PLACE WHERE I CAN DRAW IT OUT FER YOU... I DESTROYED THE ORIGINAL... SPIES, YOU KNOW!
HA! HOW CLEVER, AND WHAT A MEMORY YOU MUST HAVE!
235
2



FOR AN HOUR THE IMPOSTER GUIDES THE FINANCIERS THROUGH THE COUNTRY SIDE . . .
O.K., GENTLEMEN!... YOU WAIT HERE. I'LL BE BACK IN AN HOUR WITH MY PLANE DESIGN.
AHAAAAA! GENIUS MUST WORK ALONE! WE GET IT! GOOD LUCK!
AH! I'M OUT OF SIGHT! NOW TO FIND TINKER! BOY! WE'LL BE RICH!
FER TH' FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE, I'VE GOT NO TIME TO WASTE!
TINKER! QUICK! YOU USED TO SWEEP OUT AN ART SCHOOL... YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME DESIGN A BRAND NEW AIRPLANE! WE CAN SELL THE DESIGN FOR MILLIONS!
GOOD!
I'LL HELP!
ME TOO!
WHO ARE THE BEST FLIERS? THE BIRDS! RIGHT!
YEAH! MAKE IT LOOK LIKE A BIRD!
HOW ABOUT A MOTOR?
BIRDS DON'T HAVE 'EM!
TWO HOURS LATER...
WELL... WHAT DO YOU THINK OF MY NEW PLANE? IT'S SUMP'N, AIN'T IT?
MY GOODNESS! THIS IS INCREDIBLE!
WHY, IT'S REVOLUTIONARY!
GLAD YA LIKE IT.... NOW, WHERE'S THE CASH?
OH, BUT FIRST WE MUST SEE IT FLY. YOU MUST BUILD US THIS PLANE... THEN THE MONEY WILL BE YOURS!
BUT WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO THE REAL AL T. TUDE ? DID THE SECOND BLOW ON HIS HEAD BRING BACK HIS MEMORY AS IT WILL OFTEN DO?
OH, MY HEAD... AND WHAT A STRANGE BUZZING SOUND IN MY EARS!
SAY... I WONDER WHAT THIS FUNNY LOOKING THING IS CALLED?
3

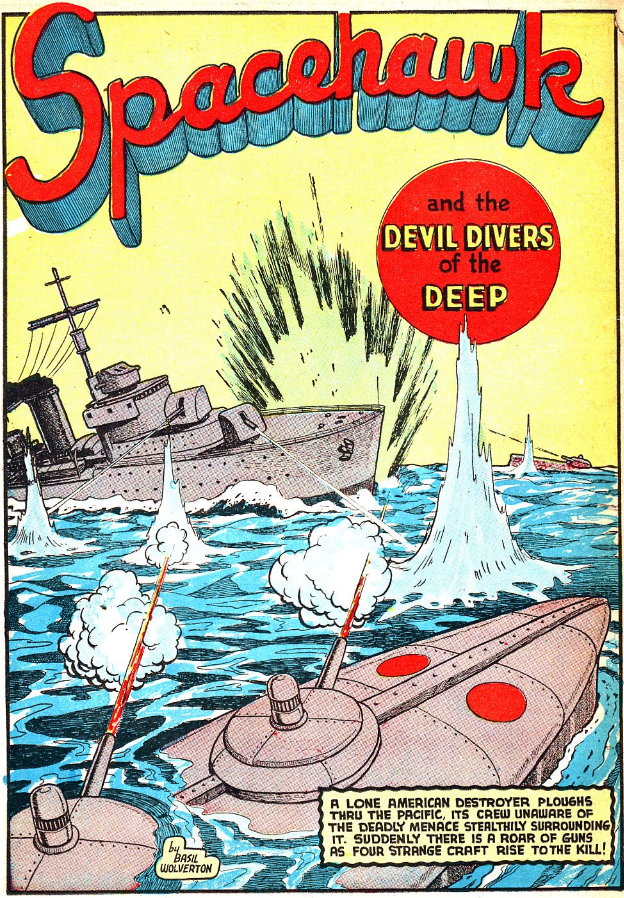


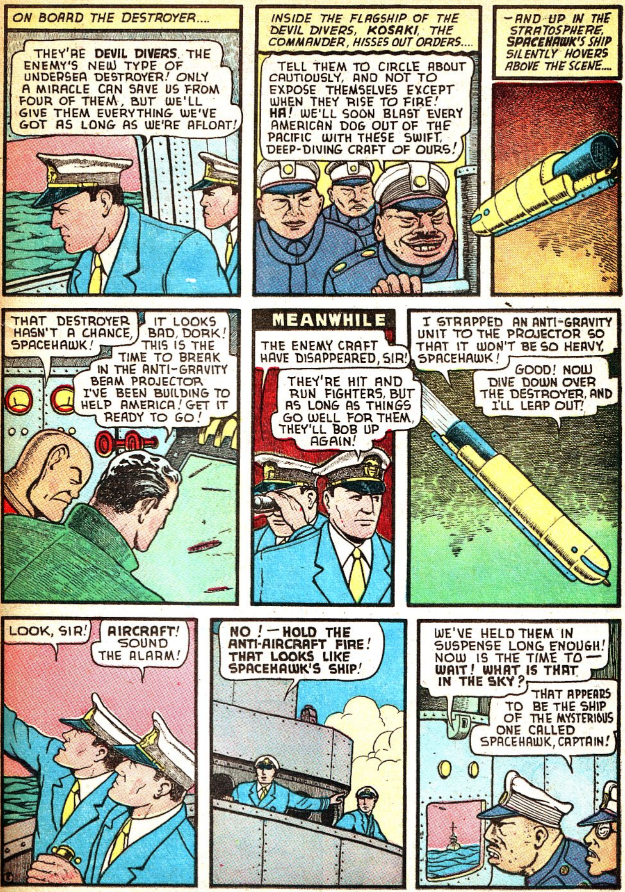
THAT'S A TREE, YOUNG MAN! GOODNESS! SURELY YOU MUST KNOW THAT... WHY YOU MUST BE OLD ENOUGH TO BE SEEKING YOUR CALLING!
SEEK MY CALLING? I'M SEEKING TO FIND OUT WHAT I'M CALLED! I DON'T EVEN KNOW MY OWN NAME!
FOR SEVERAL DAYS... AL THUS WANDERS AIMLESSLY AROUND THE COUNTRYSIDE -- THEN ONE DAY-
BOY! A SWIM MIGHT CHASE AWAY THAT BUZZING SOUND!
AFTER SPLASHING ABOUT, AL REALIZES THAT HE IS NOT THE ONLY ONE TO WHOM THE WATER LOOKS GOOD!
GOLLY! WHAT A CAR! IT'S PARKED NEAR MY CLOTHES. IT WASN'T THERE WHEN I CAME!
WELL I MIGHT AS WELL GET DRESSED AND BE ON MY WAY..
WAIT, AL! -- THOSE CLOTHES LOOK LIKE YOURS, BUT, YOU REMEMBER, YOU GOT UNDRESSED ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CREEK...!
WELL! I'LL BE ---! I'M THE MOST STUPID GUY AROUND! I'VE BEEN CARRYING A WALLET ALL ALONG -- JEEPERS! I'M "SPEED" HALE AND LOOK AT THESE CLIPPINGS -- I'M A FAMOUS TEST PILOT!
A FEW MINUTES LATER...
THANKS FER TH' LIFT -- I'M SPEED HALE, THE TEST PILOT!
REALLY! WELL, LOOK AT THAT PAPER! SOMEONE WANTS A TEST PILOT IN THE NEXT TOWN!
LATER...
SAY! YOU LOOK FAMILIAR! MUST HAVE SEEN YOUR PICTURE IN THE PAPERS!
WELL, I CAN FLY ANYTHING! SEE! IT SAYS SO RIGHT THERE!
GOOD! WE'LL GO OUT TO THE PLANE!
MY GOSH! WHAT IS THAT? SOMEONE HAS A FINE SENSE OF HUMOR!
TELEGRAM FOR MR. AL T. TUDE!
RIGHT HERE, BUB! I'M AL T. TUDE!
THAT, SIR, IS THE PLANE YOU ARE TO TEST! THINK OF IT! IT RUNS WITHOUT MOTOR OR FUEL! WHY, IT'S JUST THE THING FOR ECONOMY! THERE WILL BE ONE IN EVERY BACK YARD!
Don't Bite! TELEGRAPH
GRAPEVINE TELEGRAPH
We'll Sing it for you
DON FLOWERS PRESIDENT
DAVIS SOROKIN CHAIRMAN OF THE BORED.
GEO. ANNAND 1ST VICE PRES.
HY 63 NT - WAKEFIELD MASS.
MR. AL T. TUDE. ABC. 19 2 A.M.
PRESOPOLIS, GILLFIELD.
READ OF YOUR COMING FLIGHT TRIAL AM ON MY WAY TO WITNESS YOUR SUCCESS LOVE.
DELORES
P.S. ALL IS FORGIVEN.
4



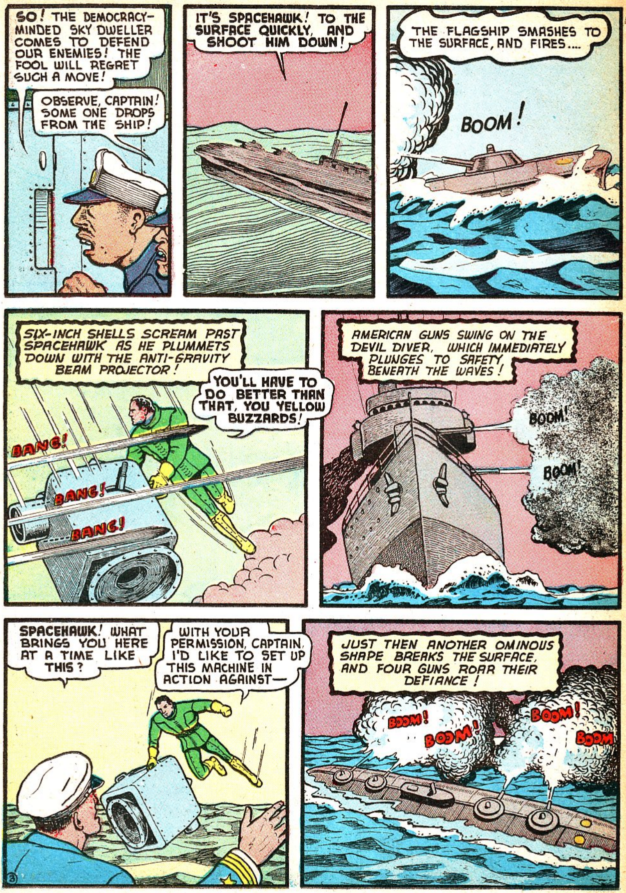
TUDE ... YOU LOOK AS THOUGH YOU HAD BAD NEWS ... WHAT'S WRONG?
I'VE GOT TO GET THIS OVER WITH AN' GET OUT -- OR THAT GIRL WILL EXPOSE ME! SHE'LL KNOW I'M NOT AL T. TUDE
OH, NO! NOT A THING!
SAY -- WHY DO I HAVE TO TAKE OFF OVER THAT CLIFF -- WOULDN'T THE FIELD BE ALL RIGHT?
NO -- MY AGREEMENT SAYS IT MUST FLY AT LEAST TWO HUNDRED FEET --- IT'S SURE TO MAKE IT THAT WAY -- IT'S AT LEAST THAT FAR TO THE GROUND!
WHY? ARE YOU YELLER?
NO... I DARE TO DO ANYTHING IN THE INTEREST OF SCIENCE -- IT SAYS SO IN MY CLIPPINGS, SO IT MUST BE SO!
MEANWHILE TWO PEOPLE ARE TRYING DESPERATELY TO REACH THE AIR PORT BEFORE THE TAKE OFF!
I'VE JUST GOT TO SEE AL TAKE OFF!
HUMPH -- THE PAPER SAID SPEED KING IS GOING TO TEST A PLANE TODAY. WELL, I'M SPEED KING. THE IMPOSTER MUST BE THE BIRD WHO STOLE MY CLOTHES -- I'LL STOP HIM.
OH, OH! A PRETTY HITCH HIKER!
MY BOY FRIEND, AL T. TUDE, IS GOING TO TEST TH' PLANE .... HE WEARS CLOTHES EXACTLY LIKE YOURS!
HO, HO! SO HIS NAME IS AL T. TUDE, EH? WELL -- I'LL FIX HIM! BUT NOT IN FRONT OF HIS GAL!
SORRY, SISTER, THIS IS THE END OF THE LINE!
WHY, YOU BIG STIFF!
OH, BOY! HERE COMES ANOTHER RIDE!
TEN MINUTES LATER...
HEY! WHICH ONE OF YOU BIRDS IS AL T. TUDE?
RIGHT HERE, MY GOOD MAN. I'M ALFONSO T. TUDE.
SO YOU'RE AL T. TUDE! WELL, I'M SPEED KING!
NO! NO! THAT'S NOT AL T. TUDE!
WAM!
BEFORE I GO INSANE -- IF HE'S NOT AL T. TUDE, AND YOU ARE SPEED KING -- WHO'S THAT ON THE PLANE?
STOP HIM -- HE'S TAKING OFF -- IT'S SUICIDE!
HE'S AL T. TUDE!
5


OH ... THIS IS SIMPLE! I JUST KEEP TURNING THIS CRANK!
TEN MINUTES LATER...
OOOOOooFFF! IT WOULD TAKE AN OCTOPUS TO FLY THIS THING!
GOOD GRIEF! THE PUMPHANDLE IS COMING OFF... AN' SO IS THE WING! --AN' SO IS THE TAIL ... IT'S DISINTEGRATING!
I NEVER SAW SUCH COURAGE! LOOK! HE'S TRYING DESPERATELY TO KEEP IT IN THE AIR --- BUT IT CAN'T BE DONE!
MY TEST PROVES IT AIN'T PRACTICAL!
THUD!
OH, AL! YOU WERE GRAND! I'M SORRY I EVER SAID YOU WERE AFRAID! MY HERO!
OH! MY HEAD! SAY! --I'M TOO NEAR THAT BANK --I MIGHT FALL OFF AN' GET HURT!
DELORES! --IT ALL COMES BACK TO ME! I'M AL T. TUDE! RIGHT?
YEAH! AN' YOU'RE WELCOME TO TH' NAME! IT'S THE SILLIEST HANDLE I EVER HEARD!
I BELIEVE I HEARD SOMEONE SPEAK DISRESPECTFUL O' MY NAME!
NICE WORK, SON! HOW'D YOU LIKE A JOB THAT'S EVEN MORE DANGEROUS THAN FLYING THAT EGGCRATE?
YEP!
WHAT TH--! WHY, HE'S FAINTED!
DON'T WORRY, MISTER... HE'LL TAKE THE JOB! I'LL SEE TO THAT!
6
A NEW AL T. TUDE ADVENTURE IN YOUR NEXT TARGET COMICS

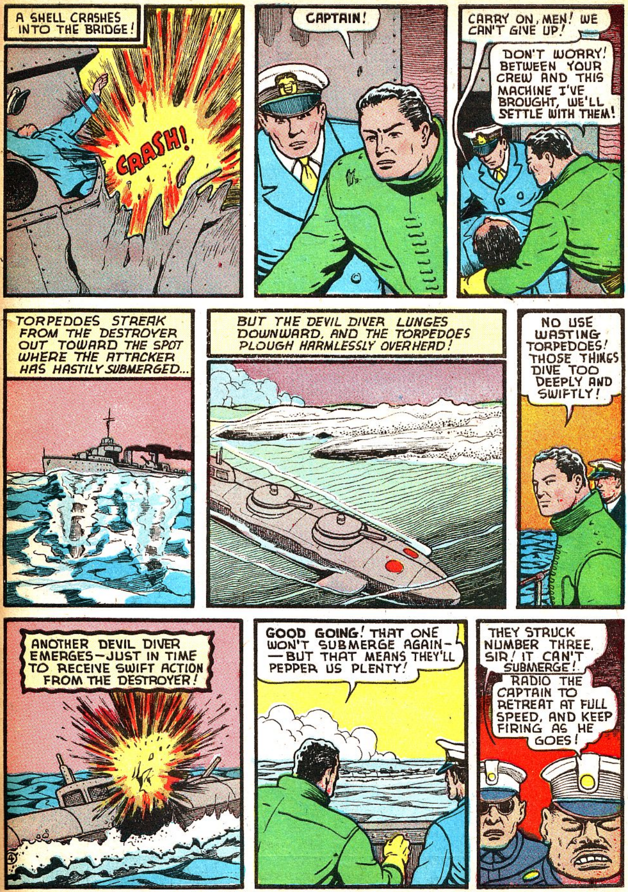

Spacehawk
and the DEVIL DIVERS of the DEEP
A LONE AMERICAN DESTROYER PLOUGHS THRU THE PACIFIC, ITS CREW UNAWARE OF THE DEADLY MENACE STEALTHILY SURROUNDING IT. SUDDENLY THERE IS A ROAR OF GUNS AS FOUR STRANGE CRAFT RISE TO THE KILL!
by BASIL WOLVERTON

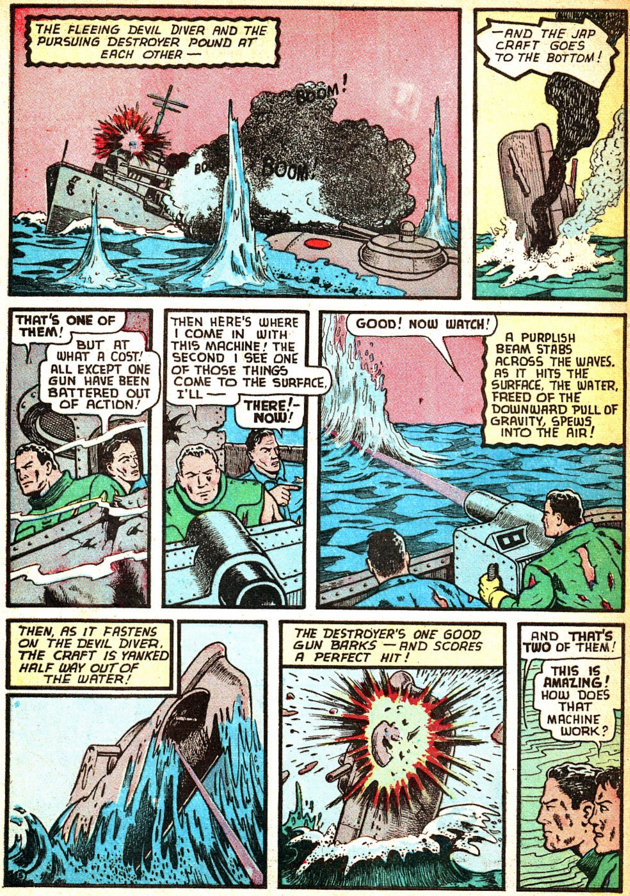


ON BOARD THE DESTROYER....
THEY'RE DEVIL DIVERS, THE ENEMY'S NEW TYPE OF UNDERSEA DESTROYER! ONLY A MIRACLE CAN SAVE US FROM FOUR OF THEM, BUT WE'LL GIVE THEM EVERYTHING WE'VE GOT AS LONG AS WE'RE AFLOAT!
INSIDE THE FLAGSHIP OF THE DEVIL DIVERS, KOSAKI, THE COMMANDER, HISSES OUT ORDERS....
TELL THEM TO CIRCLE ABOUT CAUTIOUSLY, AND NOT TO EXPOSE THEMSELVES EXCEPT WHEN THEY RISE TO FIRE! HA! WE'LL SOON BLAST EVERY AMERICAN DOG OUT OF THE PACIFIC WITH THESE SWIFT, DEEP-DIVING CRAFT OF OURS!
—AND UP IN THE STRATOSPHERE, SPACEHAWK'S SHIP SILENTLY HOVERS ABOVE THE SCENE....
THAT DESTROYER HASN'T A CHANCE, SPACEHAWK!
IT LOOKS BAD, DORK! THIS IS THE TIME TO BREAK IN THE ANTI-GRAVITY BEAM PROJECTOR I'VE BEEN BUILDING TO HELP AMERICA! GET IT READY TO GO!
MEANWHILE
THE ENEMY CRAFT HAVE DISAPPEARED, SIR!
THEY'RE HIT AND RUN FIGHTERS, BUT AS LONG AS THINGS GO WELL FOR THEM, THEY'LL BOB UP AGAIN!
I STRAPPED AN ANTI-GRAVITY UNIT TO THE PROJECTOR SO THAT IT WON'T BE SO HEAVY, SPACEHAWK!
GOOD! NOW DIVE DOWN OVER THE DESTROYER, AND I'LL LEAP OUT!
LOOK, SIR!
AIRCRAFT! SOUND THE ALARM!
NO! —HOLD THE ANTI-AIRCRAFT FIRE! THAT LOOKS LIKE SPACEHAWK'S SHIP!
WE'VE HELD THEM IN SUSPENSE LONG ENOUGH! NOW IS THE TIME TO— WAIT! WHAT IS THAT IN THE SKY?
THAT APPEARS TO BE THE SHIP OF THE MYSTERIOUS ONE CALLED SPACEHAWK, CAPTAIN!

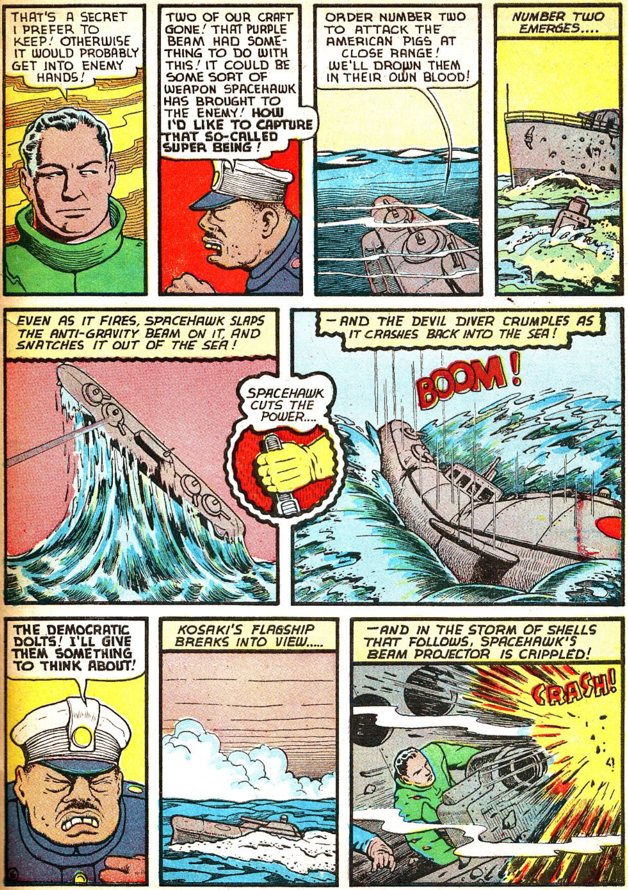


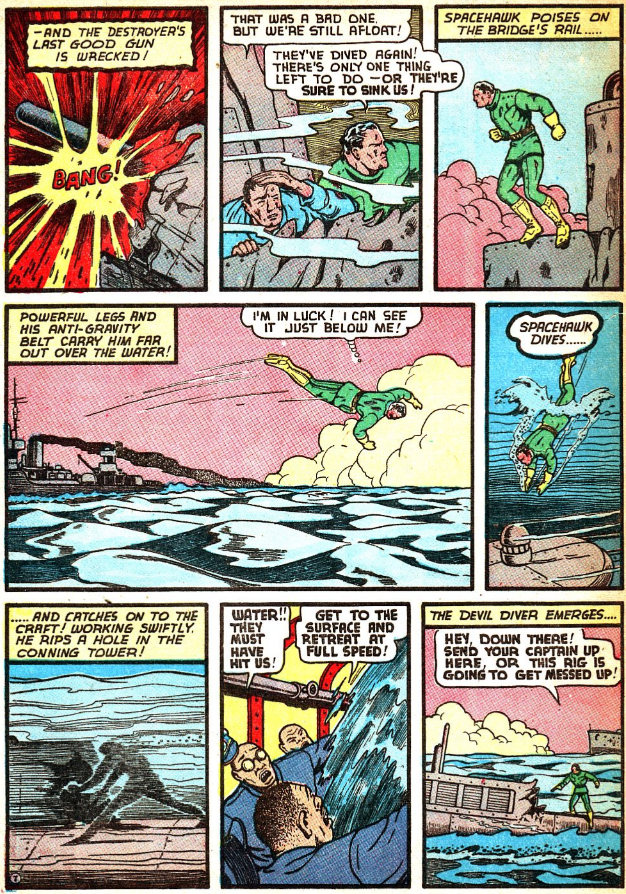
SO! THE DEMOCRACY-MINDED SKY DWELLER COMES TO DEFEND OUR ENEMIES! THE FOOL WILL REGRET SUCH A MOVE!
OBSERVE, CAPTAIN! SOME ONE DROPS FROM THE SHIP!
IT'S SPACEHAWK! TO THE SURFACE QUICKLY, AND SHOOT HIM DOWN!
THE FLAGSHIP SMASHES TO THE SURFACE, AND FIRES....
BOOM!
SIX-INCH SHELLS SCREAM PAST SPACEHAWK AS HE PLUMMETS DOWN WITH THE ANTI-GRAVITY BEAM PROJECTOR!
YOU'LL HAVE TO DO BETTER THAN THAT, YOU YELLOW BUZZARDS!
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!
AMERICAN GUNS SWING ON THE DEVIL DIVER, WHICH IMMEDIATELY PLUNGES TO SAFETY BENEATH THE WAVES!
BOOM!
BOOM!
SPACEHAWK! WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE AT A TIME LIKE THIS?
WITH YOUR PERMISSION, CAPTAIN, I'D LIKE TO SET UP THIS MACHINE IN ACTION AGAINST—
JUST THEN ANOTHER OMINOUS SHAPE BREAKS THE SURFACE, AND FOUR GUNS ROAR THEIR DEFIANCE!
BOOM!
BOOM!
BOOM!
BOOM
3


A SHELL CRASHES INTO THE BRIDGE!
CRASH!
CAPTAIN!
CARRY ON, MEN! WE CAN'T GIVE UP!
DON'T WORRY! BETWEEN YOUR CREW AND THIS MACHINE I'VE BROUGHT, WE'LL SETTLE WITH THEM!
TORPEDOES STREAK FROM THE DESTROYER OUT TOWARD THE SPOT WHERE THE ATTACKER HAS HASTILY SUBMERGED...
BUT THE DEVIL DIVER LUNGES DOWNWARD, AND THE TORPEDOES PLOUGH HARMLESSLY OVERHEAD!
NO USE WASTING TORPEDOES! THOSE THINGS DIVE TOO DEEPLY AND SWIFTLY!
ANOTHER DEVIL DIVER EMERGES—JUST IN TIME TO RECEIVE SWIFT ACTION FROM THE DESTROYER!
GOOD GOING! THAT ONE WON'T SUBMERGE AGAIN— —BUT THAT MEANS THEY'LL PEPPER US PLENTY!
THEY STRUCK NUMBER THREE, SIR! IT CAN'T SUBMERGE!
RADIO THE CAPTAIN TO RETREAT AT FULL SPEED, AND KEEP FIRING AS HE GOES!

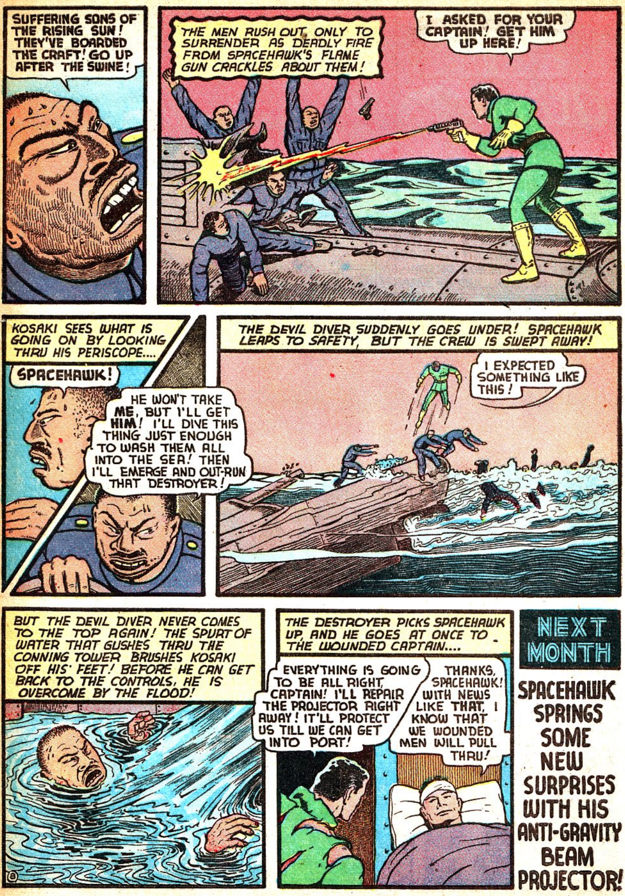


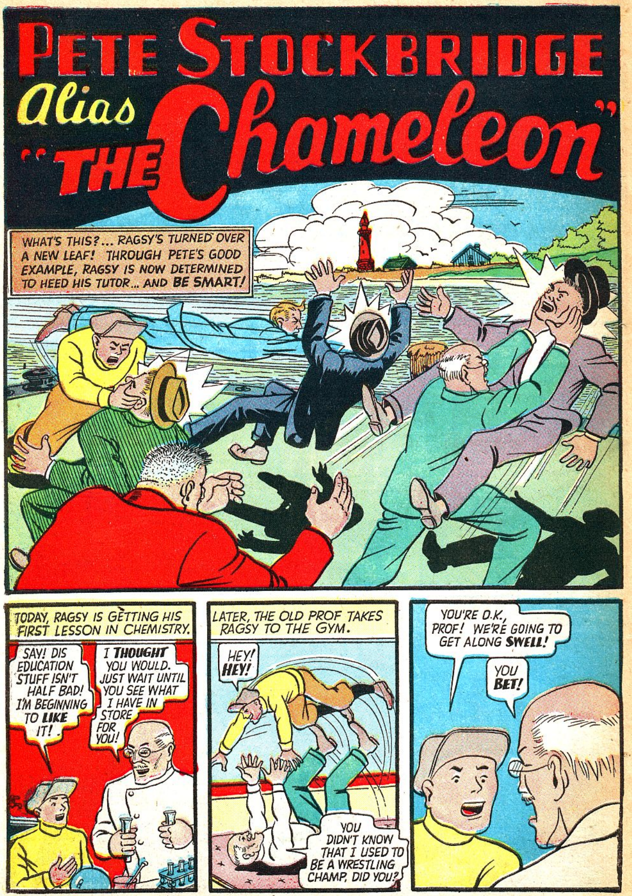
THE FLEEING DEVIL DIVER AND THE PURSUING DESTROYER POUND AT EACH OTHER —
BOOM!
BOOM!
—AND THE JAP CRAFT GOES TO THE BOTTOM!
THAT'S ONE OF THEM!
BUT AT WHAT A COST! ALL EXCEPT ONE GUN HAVE BEEN BATTERED OUT OF ACTION!
THEN HERE'S WHERE I COME IN WITH THIS MACHINE! THE SECOND I SEE ONE OF THOSE THINGS COME TO THE SURFACE, I'LL —
THERE!- NOW!
GOOD! NOW WATCH!
A PURPLISH BEAM STABS ACROSS THE WAVES. AS IT HITS THE SURFACE, THE WATER, FREED OF THE DOWNWARD PULL OF GRAVITY, SPEWS INTO THE AIR!
THEN, AS IT FASTENS ON THE DEVIL DIVER, THE CRAFT IS YANKED HALF WAY OUT OF THE WATER!
THE DESTROYER'S ONE GOOD GUN BARKS — AND SCORES A PERFECT HIT!
AND THAT'S TWO OF THEM!
THIS IS AMAZING! HOW DOES THAT MACHINE WORK?

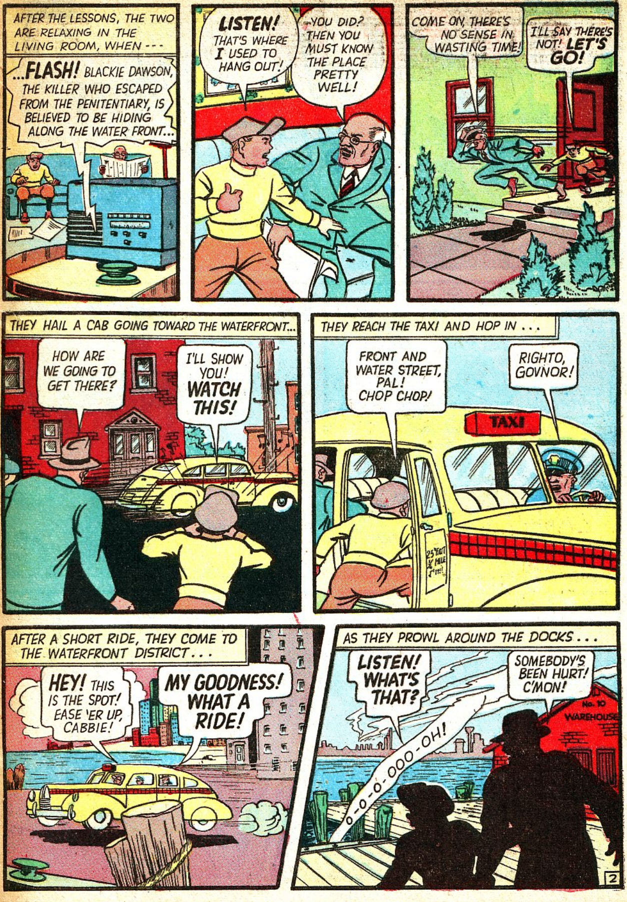

THAT'S A SECRET I PREFER TO KEEP! OTHERWISE IT WOULD PROBABLY GET INTO ENEMY HANDS!
TWO OF OUR CRAFT GONE! THAT PURPLE BEAM HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH THIS! IT COULD BE SOME SORT OF WEAPON SPACEHAWK HAS BROUGHT TO THE ENEMY! HOW I'D LIKE TO CAPTURE THAT SO-CALLED SUPER BEING!
ORDER NUMBER TWO TO ATTACK THE AMERICAN PIGS AT CLOSE RANGE! WE'LL DROWN THEM IN THEIR OWN BLOOD!
NUMBER TWO EMERGES....
EVEN AS IT FIRES, SPACEHAWK SLAPS THE ANTI-GRAVITY BEAM ON IT, AND SNATCHES IT OUT OF THE SEA!
SPACEHAWK CUTS THE POWER....
—AND THE DEVIL DIVER CRUMPLES AS IT CRASHES BACK INTO THE SEA!
BOOM!
THE DEMOCRATIC DOLTS! I'LL GIVE THEM SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT!
KOSAKI'S FLAGSHIP BREAKS INTO VIEW.....
—AND IN THE STORM OF SHELLS THAT FOLLOWS, SPACEHAWK'S BEAM PROJECTOR IS CRIPPLED!
CRASH!

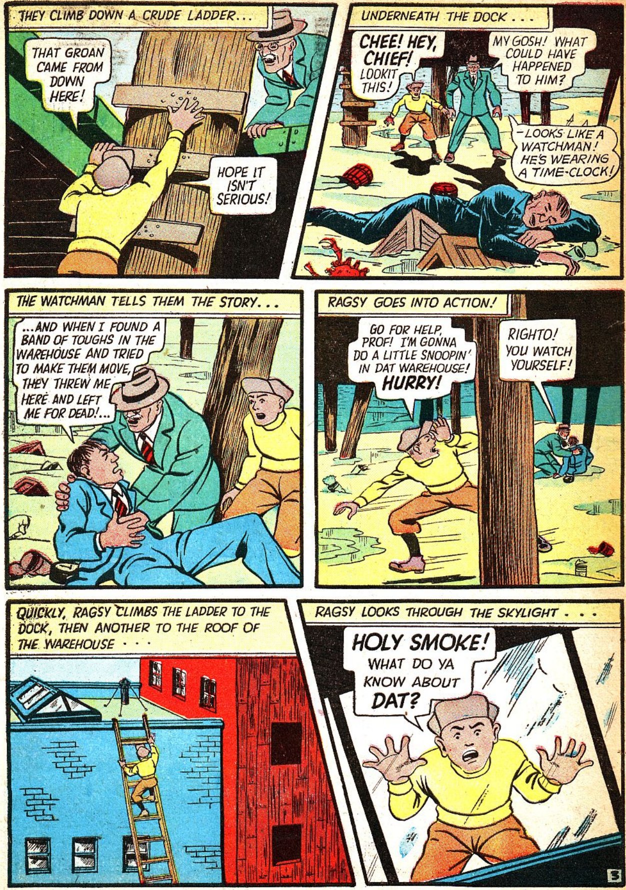


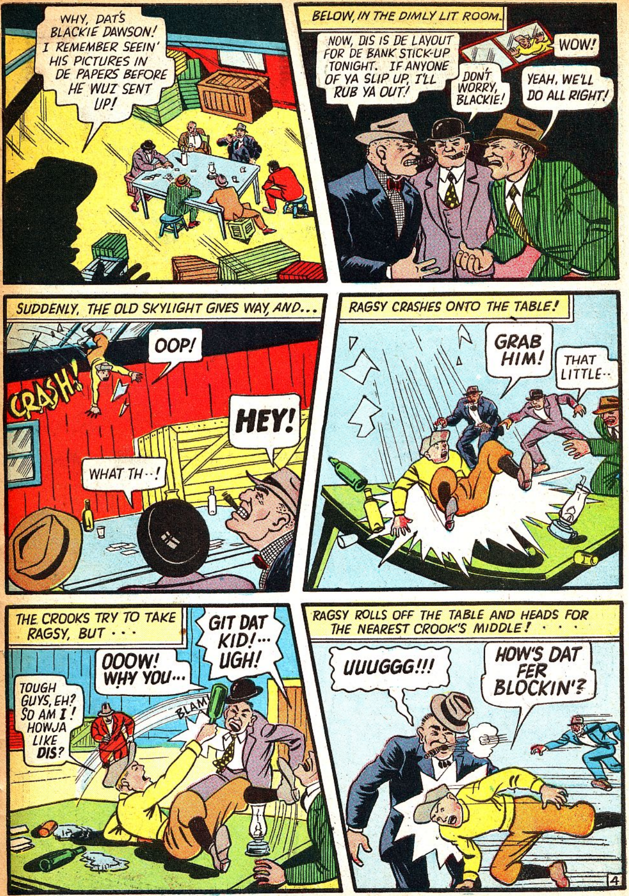
-AND THE DESTROYER'S LAST GOOD GUN IS WRECKED!
BANG!
THAT WAS A BAD ONE, BUT WE'RE STILL AFLOAT!
THEY'VE DIVED AGAIN! THERE'S ONLY ONE THING LEFT TO DO -OR THEY'RE SURE TO SINK US!
SPACEHAWK POISES ON THE BRIDGE'S RAIL.....
POWERFUL LEGS AND HIS ANTI-GRAVITY BELT CARRY HIM FAR OUT OVER THE WATER!
I'M IN LUCK! I CAN SEE IT JUST BELOW ME!
SPACEHAWK DIVES......
.....AND CATCHES ON TO THE CRAFT! WORKING SWIFTLY, HE RIPS A HOLE IN THE CONNING TOWER!
WATER!! THEY MUST HAVE HIT US!
GET TO THE SURFACE AND RETREAT AT FULL SPEED!
THE DEVIL DIVER EMERGES....
HEY, DOWN THERE! SEND YOUR CAPTAIN UP HERE, OR THIS RIG IS GOING TO GET MESSED UP!

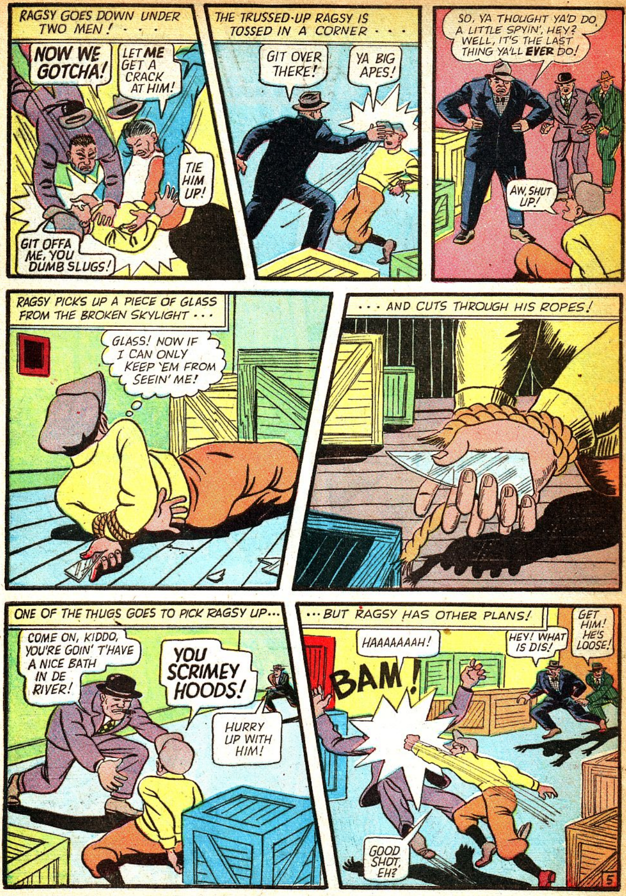

SUFFERING SONS OF THE RISING SUN! THEY'VE BOARDED THE CRAFT! GO UP AFTER THE SWINE!
THE MEN RUSH OUT, ONLY TO SURRENDER AS DEADLY FIRE FROM SPACEHAWK'S FLAME GUN CRACKLES ABOUT THEM!
I ASKED FOR YOUR CAPTAIN! GET HIM UP HERE!
KOSAKI SEES WHAT IS GOING ON BY LOOKING THRU HIS PERISCOPE....
SPACEHAWK!
HE WON'T TAKE ME, BUT I'LL GET HIM! I'LL DIVE THIS THING JUST ENOUGH TO WASH THEM ALL INTO THE SEA! THEN I'LL EMERGE AND OUT-RUN THAT DESTROYER!
THE DEVIL DIVER SUDDENLY GOES UNDER! SPACEHAWK LEAPS TO SAFETY, BUT THE CREW IS SWEPT AWAY!
I EXPECTED SOMETHING LIKE THIS!
BUT THE DEVIL DIVER NEVER COMES TO THE TOP AGAIN! THE SPURT OF WATER THAT GUSHES THRU THE CONNING TOWER BRUSHES KOSAKI OFF HIS FEET! BEFORE HE CAN GET BACK TO THE CONTROLS, HE IS OVERCOME BY THE FLOOD!
THE DESTROYER PICKS SPACEHAWK UP, AND HE GOES AT ONCE TO THE WOUNDED CAPTAIN....
EVERYTHING IS GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT, CAPTAIN! I'LL REPAIR THE PROJECTOR RIGHT AWAY! IT'LL PROTECT US TILL WE CAN GET INTO PORT!
THANKS, SPACEHAWK! WITH NEWS LIKE THAT, I KNOW THAT WE WOUNDED MEN WILL PULL THRU!
NEXT MONTH
SPACEHAWK SPRINGS SOME NEW SURPRISES WITH HIS ANTI-GRAVITY BEAM PROJECTOR!

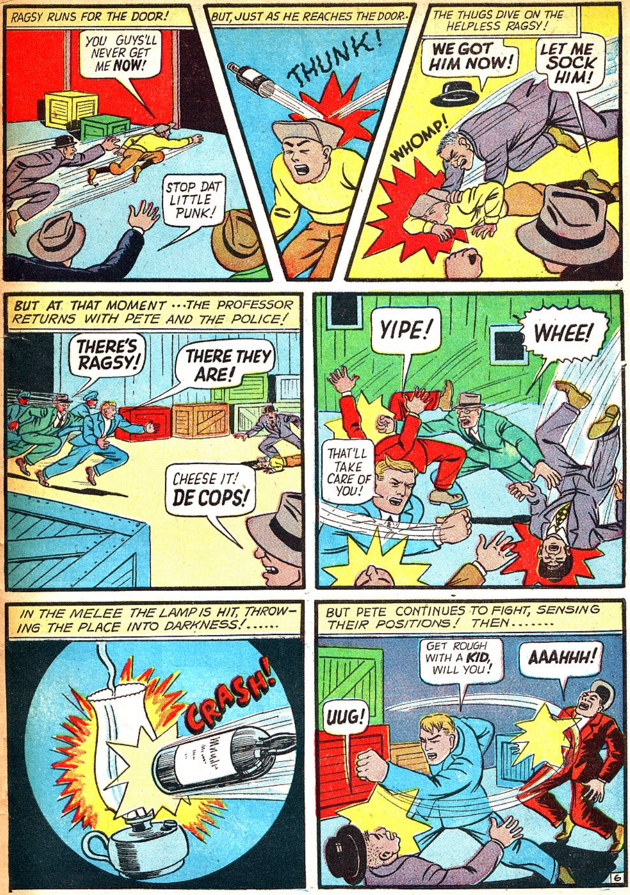

PETE STOCKBRIDGE
alias "THE Chameleon"
WHAT'S THIS?... RAGSY'S TURNED OVER A NEW LEAF! THROUGH PETE'S GOOD EXAMPLE, RAGSY IS NOW DETERMINED TO HEED HIS TUTOR... AND BE SMART!
TODAY, RAGSY IS GETTING HIS FIRST LESSON IN CHEMISTRY.
SAY! DIS EDUCATION STUFF ISN'T HALF BAD! I'M BEGINNING TO LIKE IT!
I THOUGHT YOU WOULD. JUST WAIT UNTIL YOU SEE WHAT I HAVE IN STORE FOR YOU!
LATER, THE OLD PROF TAKES RAGSY TO THE GYM.
HEY! HEY!
YOU DIDN'T KNOW THAT I USED TO BE A WRESTLING CHAMP, DID YOU?
YOU'RE O.K., PROF! WE'RE GOING TO GET ALONG SWELL!
YOU BET!


AFTER THE LESSONS, THE TWO ARE RELAXING IN THE LIVING ROOM, WHEN - - -
...FLASH! BLACKIE DAWSON, THE KILLER WHO ESCAPED FROM THE PENITENTIARY, IS BELIEVED TO BE HIDING ALONG THE WATER FRONT...
LISTEN! THAT'S WHERE I USED TO HANG OUT!
YOU DID? THEN YOU MUST KNOW THE PLACE PRETTY WELL!
COME ON, THERE'S NO SENSE IN WASTING TIME!
I'LL SAY THERE'S NOT! LET'S GO!
THEY HAIL A CAB GOING TOWARD THE WATERFRONT...
HOW ARE WE GOING TO GET THERE?
I'LL SHOW YOU! WATCH THIS!
THEY REACH THE TAXI AND HOP IN . . .
FRONT AND WATER STREET, PAL! CHOP CHOP!
RIGHTO, GOVNOR!
TAXI
AFTER A SHORT RIDE, THEY COME TO THE WATERFRONT DISTRICT . . .
HEY! THIS IS THE SPOT! EASE 'ER UP, CABBIE!
MY GOODNESS! WHAT A RIDE!
AS THEY PROWL AROUND THE DOCKS . . .
LISTEN! WHAT'S THAT?
O-O-O-OOO-OH!
SOMEBODY'S BEEN HURT! C'MON!
No. 10 WAREHOUSE

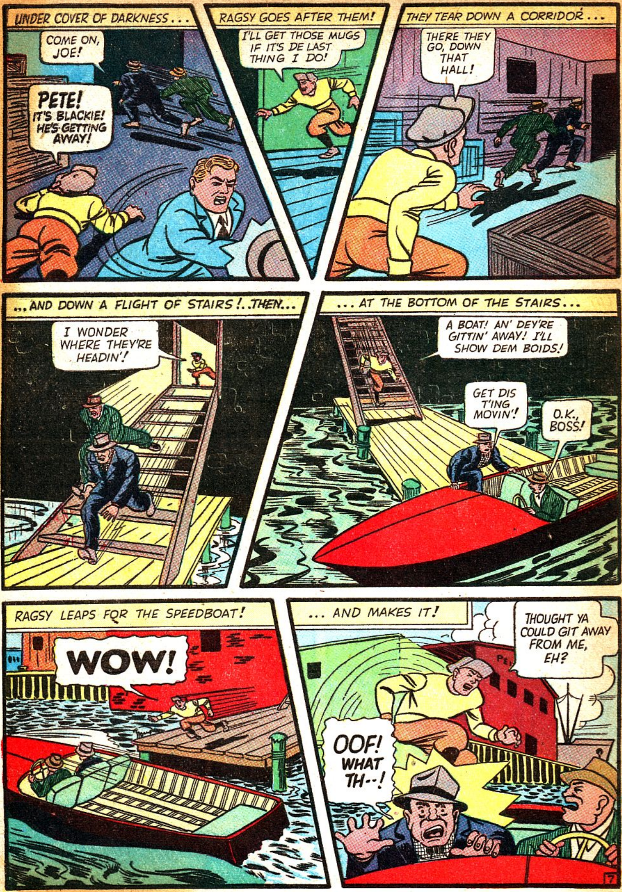

THEY CLIMB DOWN A CRUDE LADDER...
THAT GROAN CAME FROM DOWN HERE!
HOPE IT ISN'T SERIOUS!
UNDERNEATH THE DOCK...
CHEE! HEY, CHIEF! LOOKIT THIS!
MY GOSH! WHAT COULD HAVE HAPPENED TO HIM?
-LOOKS LIKE A WATCHMAN! HE'S WEARING A TIME-CLOCK!
THE WATCHMAN TELLS THEM THE STORY...
...AND WHEN I FOUND A BAND OF TOUGHS IN THE WAREHOUSE AND TRIED TO MAKE THEM MOVE, THEY THREW ME HERE AND LEFT ME FOR DEAD!...
RAGSY GOES INTO ACTION!
GO FOR HELP, PROF! I'M GONNA DO A LITTLE SNOOPIN' IN DAT WAREHOUSE! HURRY!
RIGHTO! YOU WATCH YOURSELF!
QUICKLY, RAGSY CLIMBS THE LADDER TO THE DOCK, THEN ANOTHER TO THE ROOF OF THE WAREHOUSE...
RAGSY LOOKS THROUGH THE SKYLIGHT...
HOLY SMOKE! WHAT DO YA KNOW ABOUT DAT?
5


WHY, DAT'S BLACKIE DAWSON! I REMEMBER SEEIN' HIS PICTURES IN DE PAPERS BEFORE HE WUZ SENT UP!
BELOW, IN THE DIMLY LIT ROOM.
NOW, DIS IS DE LAYOUT FOR DE BANK STICK-UP TONIGHT. IF ANYONE OF YA SLIP UP, I'LL RUB YA OUT!
DON'T WORRY, BLACKIE!
WOW!
YEAH, WE'LL DO ALL RIGHT!
SUDDENLY, THE OLD SKYLIGHT GIVES WAY, AND...
CRASH!
OOP!
HEY!
WHAT TH--!
RAGSY CRASHES ONTO THE TABLE!
GRAB HIM!
THAT LITTLE--
THE CROOKS TRY TO TAKE RAGSY, BUT . . .
OOOW! WHY YOU...
GIT DAT KID!... UGH!
TOUGH GUYS, EH? SO AM I! HOWJA LIKE DIS?
BLAM!
RAGSY ROLLS OFF THE TABLE AND HEADS FOR THE NEAREST CROOK'S MIDDLE! . . .
UUUGGG!!!
HOW'S DAT FER BLOCKIN'?

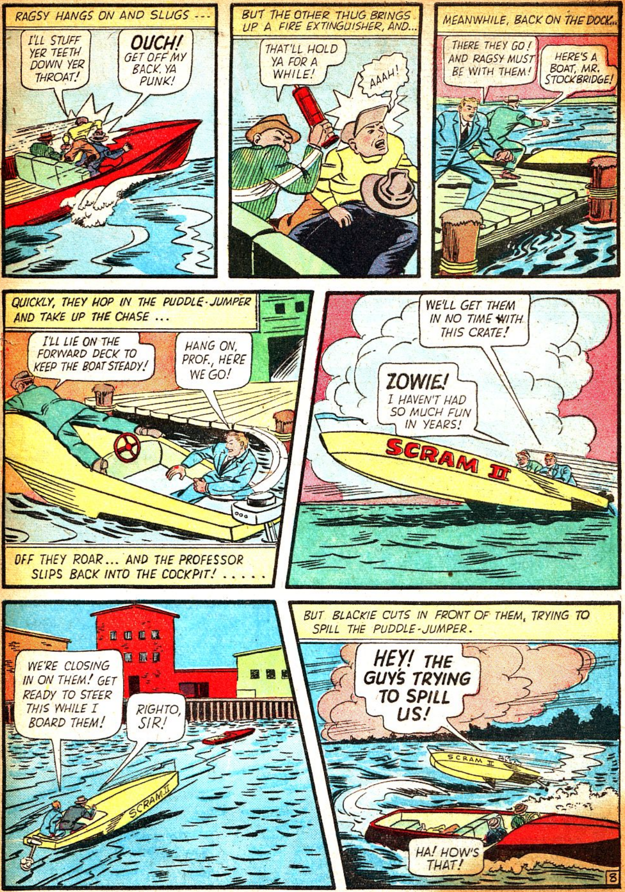

RAGSY GOES DOWN UNDER TWO MEN! . . .
NOW WE GOTCHA!
LET ME GET A CRACK AT HIM!
TIE HIM UP!
GIT OFFA ME, YOU DUMB SLUGS!
THE TRUSSED-UP RAGSY IS TOSSED IN A CORNER . . .
GIT OVER THERE!
YA BIG APES!
SO, YA THOUGHT YA'D DO A LITTLE SPYIN', HEY? WELL, IT'S THE LAST THING YA'LL EVER DO!
AW, SHUT UP!
RAGSY PICKS UP A PIECE OF GLASS FROM THE BROKEN SKYLIGHT . . .
GLASS! NOW IF I CAN ONLY KEEP 'EM FROM SEEIN' ME!
. . . AND CUTS THROUGH HIS ROPES!
ONE OF THE THUGS GOES TO PICK RAGSY UP...
COME ON, KIDDO, YOU'RE GOIN' T'HAVE A NICE BATH IN DE RIVER!
YOU SCRIMEY HOODS!
HURRY UP WITH HIM!
...BUT RAGSY HAS OTHER PLANS!
HAAAAAAAH!
HEY! WHAT IS DIS!
GET HIM! HE'S LOOSE!
BAM!
GOOD SHOT, EH?
5

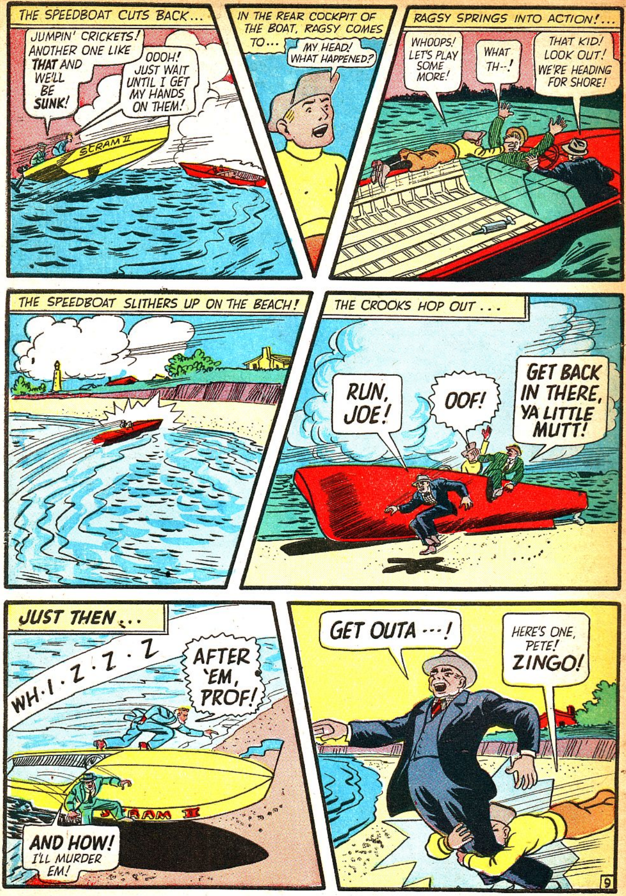


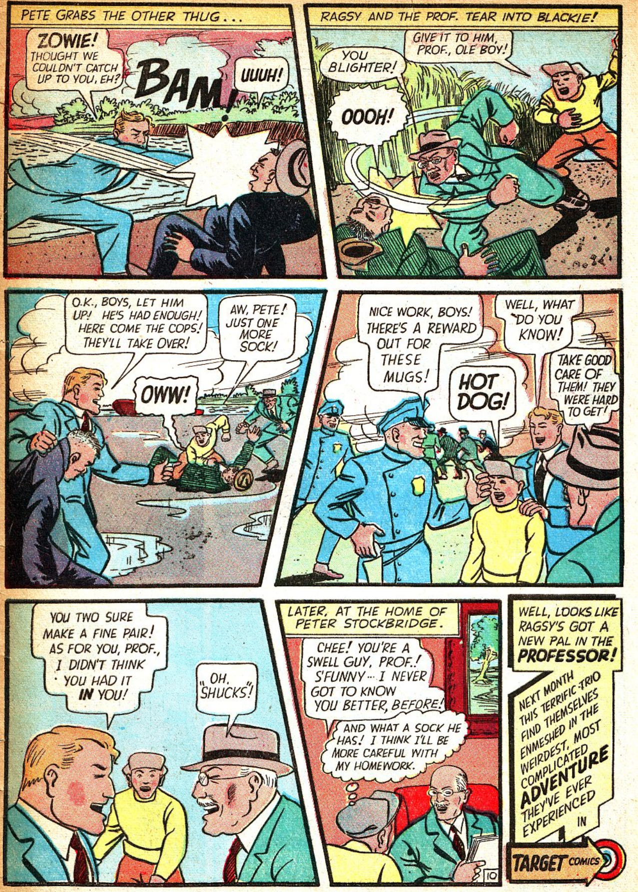
RAGSY RUNS FOR THE DOOR!
YOU GUYS'LL NEVER GET ME NOW!
STOP DAT LITTLE PUNK!
BUT, JUST AS HE REACHES THE DOOR..
THUNK!
THE THUGS DIVE ON THE HELPLESS RAGSY!
WE GOT HIM NOW!
LET ME SOCK HIM!
WHOMP!
BUT AT THAT MOMENT ... THE PROFESSOR RETURNS WITH PETE AND THE POLICE!
THERE'S RAGSY!
THERE THEY ARE!
CHEESE IT! DE COPS!
YIPE!
WHEE!
THAT'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU!
IN THE MELEE THE LAMP IS HIT, THROWING THE PLACE INTO DARKNESS!......
CRASH!
BUT PETE CONTINUES TO FIGHT, SENSING THEIR POSITIONS! THEN.......
GET ROUGH WITH A KID, WILL YOU!
AAAHHH!
UUG!
6



UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS...
COME ON, JOE!
PETE! IT'S BLACKIE! HE'S GETTING AWAY!
RAGSY GOES AFTER THEM!
I'LL GET THOSE MUGS IF IT'S DE LAST THING I DO!
THEY TEAR DOWN A CORRIDOR...
THERE THEY GO, DOWN THAT HALL!
...AND DOWN A FLIGHT OF STAIRS!..THEN...
I WONDER WHERE THEY'RE HEADIN'!
...AT THE BOTTOM OF THE STAIRS...
A BOAT! AN' DEY'RE GITTIN' AWAY! I'LL SHOW DEM BOIDS!
GET DIS T'ING MOVIN'!
O.K., BOSS!
RAGSY LEAPS FOR THE SPEEDBOAT!
WOW!
...AND MAKES IT!
THOUGHT YA COULD GIT AWAY FROM ME, EH?
OOF! WHAT TH--!


RAGSY HANGS ON AND SLUGS ---
I'LL STUFF YER TEETH DOWN YER THROAT!
OUCH! GET OFF MY BACK, YA PUNK!
BUT THE OTHER THUG BRINGS UP A FIRE EXTINGUISHER, AND...
THAT'LL HOLD YA FOR A WHILE!
AAAH!
MEANWHILE, BACK ON THE DOCK...
THERE THEY GO! AND RAGSY MUST BE WITH THEM!
HERE'S A BOAT, MR. STOCKBRIDGE!
QUICKLY, THEY HOP IN THE PUDDLE-JUMPER AND TAKE UP THE CHASE ...
I'LL LIE ON THE FORWARD DECK TO KEEP THE BOAT STEADY!
HANG ON, PROF., HERE WE GO!
OFF THEY ROAR... AND THE PROFESSOR SLIPS BACK INTO THE COCKPIT! .....
WE'LL GET THEM IN NO TIME WITH THIS CRATE!
ZOWIE! I HAVEN'T HAD SO MUCH FUN IN YEARS!
SCRAM II
WE'RE CLOSING IN ON THEM! GET READY TO STEER THIS WHILE I BOARD THEM!
RIGHTO, SIR!
SCRAM II
BUT BLACKIE CUTS IN FRONT OF THEM, TRYING TO SPILL THE PUDDLE-JUMPER.
HEY! THE GUY'S TRYING TO SPILL US!
SCRAM II
HA! HOW'S THAT!


THE SPEEDBOAT CUTS BACK...
JUMPIN' CRICKETS! ANOTHER ONE LIKE THAT AND WE'LL BE SUNK!
OOOH! JUST WAIT UNTIL I GET MY HANDS ON THEM!
SCRAM II
IN THE REAR COCKPIT OF THE BOAT, RAGSY COMES TO...
MY HEAD! WHAT HAPPENED?
RAGSY SPRINGS INTO ACTION!...
WHOOPS! LET'S PLAY SOME MORE!
WHAT TH--!
THAT KID! LOOK OUT! WE'RE HEADING FOR SHORE!
THE SPEEDBOAT SLITHERS UP ON THE BEACH!
THE CROOKS HOP OUT...
RUN, JOE!
OOF!
GET BACK IN THERE, YA LITTLE MUTT!
JUST THEN...
WH·I·Z·Z·Z
AFTER 'EM, PROF!
AND HOW! I'LL MURDER EM!
SCRAM II
GET OUTA ---!
HERE'S ONE, PETE! ZINGO!

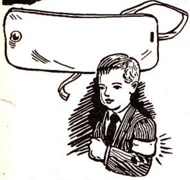

PETE GRABS THE OTHER THUG...
ZOWIE! THOUGHT WE COULDN'T CATCH UP TO YOU, EH?
BAM!
UUUH!
RAGSY AND THE PROF. TEAR INTO BLACKIE!
GIVE IT TO HIM, PROF., OLE BOY!
YOU BLIGHTER!
OOOH!
O.K., BOYS, LET HIM UP! HE'S HAD ENOUGH! HERE COME THE COPS! THEY'LL TAKE OVER!
AW, PETE! JUST ONE MORE SOCK!
OWW!
NICE WORK, BOYS! THERE'S A REWARD OUT FOR THESE MUGS!
WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW!
HOT DOG!
TAKE GOOD CARE OF THEM! THEY WERE HARD TO GET!
YOU TWO SURE MAKE A FINE PAIR! AS FOR YOU, PROF., I DIDN'T THINK YOU HAD IT IN YOU!
OH, "SHUCKS"!
LATER, AT THE HOME OF PETER STOCKBRIDGE.
CHEE! YOU'RE A SWELL GUY, PROF.! S'FUNNY... I NEVER GOT TO KNOW YOU BETTER, BEFORE!
AND WHAT A SOCK HE HAS! I THINK I'LL BE MORE CAREFUL WITH MY HOMEWORK.
WELL, LOOKS LIKE RAGSY'S GOT A NEW PAL IN THE PROFESSOR!
NEXT MONTH THIS TERRIFIC TRIO FIND THEMSELVES ENMESHED IN THE WEIRDEST, MOST COMPLICATED ADVENTURE THEY'VE EVER EXPERIENCED IN
TARGET COMICS
10


HA! HA! HAW!
HA HA!
HA! HAR! HAR!
HAR! HA! HA!
HA! HA! HA!
HAR! HAR!
TARGETOONS
WILD WEST SHOW WITH 100 INDIANS
HEY, SERGEANT... GUESS WHAT...
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FISHING TACKL HUNTERS SUPP
"SIXTY MILES AN HOUR? WHY, OFFICER.... I'VE ONLY BEEN DRIVING TEN MINUTES!"
HE'S THE FASTEST MAN ON THE JOB!
"BOY! DID I HAVE A NIGHTMARE!"
BAR X RANCH? I'VE RUN OUT OF SHEEP TO COUNT!
"WE WERE SURE LUCKY LAST NIGHT IN THE FOG TO FIND THIS SWELL PLACE TO CAMP!"
SUNRISE DAIRY
"MY HORSE SLEPT IN THIS MORNING!"



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.. make 4 balls appear from one?
.. guess correctly every time which of 3 covers hides a pyramid?



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Kit

Ask mother if she needs this Emergency Kit containing cotton, gauze, adhesive plaster, mercurochrome, and prepared bandages.

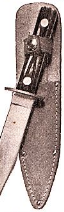
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20c



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KNIFE

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